

COUNTRY LIFE

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COUNTRY LIFE AND COUNTRY PURSUITS. ILLUSTRATED.

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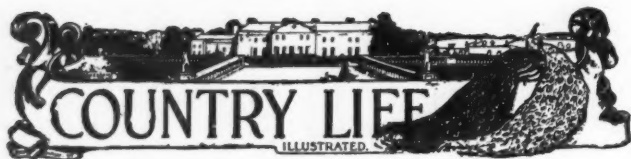
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Photo, T. FALL.

THE DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE.

Baker Street.



THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits.

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EDITORIAL NOTICE.

The Editor will be glad to receive for consideration photographs, instantaneous or otherwise, besides literary contributions, in the shape of articles and descriptions, as well as short stories, sporting or otherwise, not exceeding 2,000 words. Contributors are specially requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS. and on the backs of photographs. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in COUNTRY LIFE alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require.

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THE "COLLECTOR" ... NUISANCE.

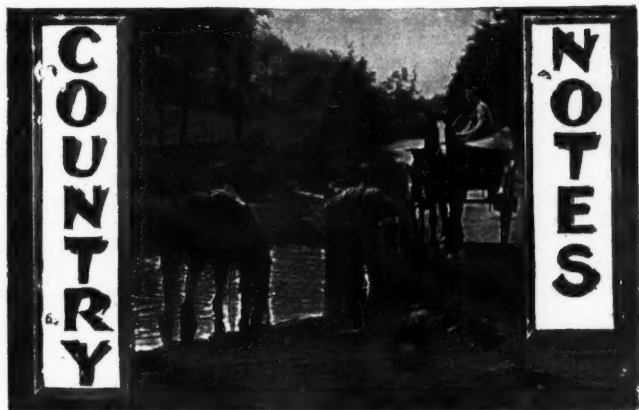
AMONG the growing nuisances of country life is the presence of the professional collector, who makes it his business to obtain rarities, whether birds, insects, or flowers, and to sell them to persons living elsewhere who call themselves naturalists. The extent to which this is done, and the scale of consequent mischief, is not generally known. To some extent the business is a new one, for though there have always been a few paid collectors in different parts of England, the immense increase and diffusion of the taste for natural history has inspired a vastly larger number with a desire to obtain specimens. If there were no receivers there would be no thieves. Consequently the persons to be most severely discouraged are those for whom these professionals cater. In time they may see the error of their ways, and acknowledge that, if only as a matter of good taste, they have no right to convert charming natural objects, whose number is limited, and which may be destroyed entirely, into their private property and for their sole enjoyment. But though it is slowly coming, the time is still a long way off when instead of specimens in cabinets our museums will consist of living creatures and plants in animal and floral paradises. Moreover,

it is matter of common knowledge that grown-up people who have caught the collecting mania badly, whatever be its object, are liable to a kind of moral twist which makes them irreclaimable where the indulgence of their hobby is concerned. Meantime, their purveyors are doing capital business, and settling themselves or establishing branches in dozens of remote and beautiful districts in England famous for birds, or flowers, or butterflies, or water insects. All is fish which comes to these gentlemen's nets, and as they quickly learn that nearly every natural object which is somewhat uncommon can be turned into money, they soon specialise in a dozen different directions, and keep the game of outdoor plunder going summer and winter alike.

Far the most mischievous are the bird men. Their methods are often as follows: The collector hears that some particular district is noted generally for rare birds, and more particularly for certain kinds always in demand. He is usually a person with some small independent means, and can afford to rent or buy a modest house or cottage. Sometimes he advertises this as headquarters for collecting naturalists who wish to do a little bird-potting on their own account. But he has usually quite enough to do in finding, receiving, and despatching rarities. Often he is a decent kind of man enough, with a taste for natural history, which he indulges with some profit to himself in this way. Often, on the other hand, he is a mere trader, with no more feeling for Nature than a game dealer or an oyster seller. His house then becomes a centre of mischief to all the rare birds in the neighbourhood. He receives those killed by other people, who destroy more than they otherwise would, and are prompted to be on the look-out because they know they can find a sale for them. In addition, he probably does a good deal of collecting on his own account. Few people have any idea how cruel and mischievous this collecting is. It flourishes especially in early summer, as at present, and in the early autumn. Many of the naturalists for whom this pest caters have a mania for specimens of immature birds, and for little shore birds and plover in the down. So whole broods of these are destroyed, and the little birds knocked on the head and sent to London. Bad as this is, it is not the worst. The men employed, who usually belong to the loafing class, are often too ignorant and careless to distinguish between a rare bird and one that closely resembles it. Consequently very many of the commoner species are killed by mistake, or from sheer idleness and to save trouble. The very worst case brought to our notice was one in which scores of common terns were killed, on the chance of finding a Sandwich tern or a roseate tern amongst them. It is now illegal to kill most rare birds. But as the pay is good it is quite worth while running the risk of a prosecution.

It is to these men that the hoopoes, rollers, bee-eaters, rose-coloured pastors, scarce hawks, and the like are sent when shot. Another branch of their bird business is quite as mischievous, and very little known, except to people "in the fancy." There are some twenty species of small birds, all rarely seen in England, and some very rare indeed, wanderers which come now and again to our coast from the uttermost parts of the earth. These are all prizes, some of them very valuable, in the eyes of the collector of British rarities, the rather vulgar name by which they are known. They are not edible, nor especially beautiful, except in the sense that all little birds are beautiful. But they are shot on arrival without mercy. Rare warblers, of some five different kinds, rare buntings, shore larks, dotterels, Dartford warblers, and certain sand-pipers are the main objects in this category. Nests and eggs are taken together, and eggs of all kinds find a ready sale, from those of the wryneck or nightingale to the buzzard or golden eagle. This most destructive business goes on with far less check than can be put on bird killing. Magistrates do not like convicting for taking wild birds' eggs. We do not suggest that there is the slightest objection to boys taking one or two eggs from a nest to put in their collections, unless the bird is one so scarce that its eggs are protected by law. But the wholesale robbery of thousands of eggs from a limited area works mischief in the bird-life of any district. The ever-increasing robbery of game birds' eggs, which grows *pari passu* with preserving, must be dealt with before long, and we imagine that when that difficulty is met by united action on the part of land-owners and occupiers, some means of stopping egg robbery in the case of other birds, when the object is purely commercial, will also be devised. But the collectors' purveyors have also a wide and lucrative field of business among the butterflies. It is ten to one that in any district now famous for some rare species a local "bug-hunter" is established, who will send you his list of prices, and let you have your butterfly (which he always calls by its Latin name without prefix in the most learned manner) by return of post, and in return for a postal order. These men are always on the watch, collecting the butterflies' eggs, or caterpillars, or larvae, or net in hand capturing the insects themselves. From the air to the water is no long step. Private aquariums have always been popular, and there is rather a rage for them just now. Consequently the ponds and streams are ransacked for

creatures to sell to the owners of these parlour pond-gardens. All round London the diving-bell spider has been exterminated to supply these; and it is equally scarce in places where it was formerly common near many other large towns. Last, but not least regrettable, is the wholesale destruction of rare plants by the collectors, and of beautiful ones for ordinary sale. The botanists are insatiable, and if a plant is very scarce and very local it does not stand a chance. We were informed recently that of one rare bog plant, which only survived in three places in a certain county, every specimen was taken from one of these remaining haunts by a purveyor to botanists. Meantime the hedgerows are robbed of ferns, even the bracken disappearing in many places, to supply the London market, while the rarer sorts are steadily dwindling. No doubt a remedy will be found. But we hope it may not be delayed too long. An obvious means would be to alter the law so that property should be recognised in wild animals other than game. As money is paid for them, and the collector sells them, it seems logical to believe that the land-owner has a pecuniary interest in them also.



ALMOST is it to be feared that the latest story from America, emanating from Laffan's Agency, which rejoices in a fine pictorial style, and from the "Own Correspondent" of the *Daily Mail*, is too good to be true; in any case, it is too funny to escape notice. They have been suffering from a plague of caterpillars in the Eastern States. A few days ago a farmer's wife in the Catskill district happened to blow a horn under an apple tree, and was astonished to see showers of the caterpillars fall to the ground. Thereupon the enterprising Down-Easters hired brass bands and organs by the score, and the caterpillars—palmer worm, canker worm, and all—perished to slow music. The idea, of course, is not entirely original. It is a variant on Jericho and the Pied Piper, stories of repute concerning which, none the less, some scepticism is pardonable.

But in this case we positively refuse to be sceptical, and for two reasons. Firstly, it would be a sin to destroy an American idyll, for idylls are all too rare in that practical country. The picture of the dame at Catskill, hereafter to be called Caterpillarskill, blowing her horn under the apple tree is plainly idyllic. Of course she was not merely playing with a child's trumpet—perish the suggestion!—she was calling the labourers home to their dinner with blasts of a horn or a great conch, as her forefathers in England had done before. In fact, in Wales the *corn-bwyd*, or food-horn, is still in use on remote and extensive farms. Secondly, the new discovery supplies fresh answers to the question, "What shall we do with our boys?" At Oxford, and no doubt at Cambridge also, a tribe of undergraduates used to flourish, and no doubt flourishes still, which was given to practising on the post-horn at the most inconvenient seasons. The practice was discouraged by the dons; and other undergraduates have been known to try the effect of plaster of Paris or tar—tar is the best, *experto crede*—upon the yard of tin. But now it is plain that even the horn-blowing undergraduate has his uses. He can be sent out into the orchard to kill caterpillars. It is a great discovery indeed, and we look forward confidently to its extended application. If caterpillars are so sensitive, why should not green-fly be destroyed in like manner? There are no end to the possibilities opened.

"Bartitsu" is being taken seriously. Mr. W. H. Grenfell, "pattern and model of the English sporting gentleman," to quote an ecstatic contemporary, has become a convert to it, and a club is to be formed for the encouragement of Bartitsu. But it may be that there are persons so ignorant as to be unaware of the meaning of the word. Roughly, it means scientific Japanese wrestling, the principles of which are based upon anatomical and physiological knowledge. By various cunning grips the professor of Bartitsu, howsoever small, can overcome the burliest ruffian.

A Tom Thumb can grasp Hercules in such artful fashion as to paralyse the nerve centres, administering a knock-out blow with a mere touch of the finger tips. Englishmen are not, as a rule, quick to take up new ideas of this kind, but Mr. Barton Wright has certainly contrived to impress some very practical men, including Lord Alwyne Compton, Lord Arthur Cecil, Mr. Bertram Astley, Mr. W. M. Chinnery, Captain Hutton, Mr. Stobart, and Mr. Montagu Sweet. But what is to happen when we are all Bartitsuites?

Callow v. Cruft is a case of very great importance to dog-owners and to show authorities, and it is much to be regretted that Mr. Justice Day and Mr. Justice Lawrance declined to give formal judgment upon it. The facts are simple. Mr. Callow was looking at the dogs at the last Cruft's Show, when a fox-terrier, rejoicing in the name of Slatin, tore Mr. Callow's coat; and to Mr. Callow the County Court judge at Clerkenwell awarded £2 damages, at the same time giving Mr. Cruft leave to appeal if he promised to pay the damages and costs in any event; which seems a left-handed piece of justice. However, Mr. Cruft was desirous of trying the question of principle, for dog shows would become impossible if the management were made responsible for every bite. But Mr. Cruft did not quite succeed, for the judges would not give judgment, which, with all respect to the Court, was a great mistake. Still Mr. Justice Day, who is not a man to mince words, expressed the opinion that the County Court judge was "wrong upon every conceivable ground." So perhaps we shall be spared in future from a demonstration of this kind of Mr. Bumble's view that "the law is a hass."

The argument in this case, such as it was, took an entirely technical line, but we gather that if the plaintiff had been able to prove that Slatin's owner knew he bit occasionally, Slatin's owner would not have escaped, as he did, scot-free. Surely it is a pity that the question should have been left in this unsatisfactory state. The manners of visitors to dog shows are not always of the best. Many of them have a most objectionable habit of fondling other people's dogs without proper introduction. There are dogs who like this, there are others who most emphatically do not like it. In very truth it is an impertinence; and the perpetrator of it ought at the least to be held to take the risks attending his action. At every well-managed dog show—and Cruft's is certainly such—it is perfectly easy to see every dog exhibited without getting within reach of the teeth of any dog; and, if we had been engaged for the defence, we should have argued that any visitor giving a dog an unnecessary opportunity of biting did so at his own risk.

The echoes of the Eights, and the coming of "Commem," turn one's thoughts to old days in Oxford, and especially, perhaps, to a memory of Dean Liddell, whose life has lately been published. Just a quarter of a century ago, among the people to receive honorary degrees were Sir Garnet Wolseley and Sir Erskine May—to give them the titles that they then bore. Sir Garnet was just home from Ashantee, where he had overthrown that great monarch, Koffee Kalkalee, whose pet piece of property was a many-hued umbrella. An undergraduate, anxious to do honour to our general, let down from the gallery a gamp of almost as many colours as was the one belonging to Kalkalee, and by means of a string he gently "bobbed" this above the head of the great soldier. The fun of the scene was much improved by a fussy official, who dashed at the ornament and tried to seize it. Anyone but an official would have known that such an effort could only result in the umbrella being at once drawn up and "bobbed" with much more vigour. The Vice-Chancellor was then the dignified Dean Liddell, and by some accident Sir Erskine May omitted to shake hands with him when he should have done so. The Dean was content to do without that ceremony, and so was Sir Erskine, but not so the undergraduates. Shouts arose on all sides: "Oh, come, shake hands, make it up, don't be afraid, Sir Erskine; he looks proud, but he aint a bit, he's only shy," etc., etc., and such was their clamour that it was quite impossible for the proceedings to go on. At last Sir Erskine May arose, advanced, and shook hands with the Dean, whereat there were such shouts of triumph and of joy as can scarcely ever have been heard, even from the gallery at what the gods call "Eucænia," and mere men "Commem."

The past week must be regarded as having proved an unusually busy one for the owners of show horses, as no fewer than four important exhibitions were held within close proximity to London. The first of these was the Crystal Palace fixture, which showed a falling off of about 170 entries, in spite of the fact that the prize-money had been increased from £800 to £1,000. Still, there were several excellent horses on the scene, though the small ring in which they were shown prevented them from doing justice to their action. The Royal Counties Show at Windsor, on Monday, showed a great improvement, so far as the

strength of the entry was concerned, over last year, the harness class being distinctly better, albeit that several of the cracks were reserving themselves for Mr. Vero Shaw's show at Wembley Park, which began on the Wednesday. This was a record exhibition for a first venture, the entries, including the jumpers, extending to nearly 350, whilst the harness classes were a revelation. On Friday came the always popular Richmond gathering referred to elsewhere.

Partridges have laid remarkably well this year—that is the account that we hear from all the country-side; but, on the other hand, in certain districts the nests have been more than usually exposed to the attacks of those inveterate egg-stealers the rooks. In some districts rooks are much more numerous than in others, and in some the habits of rooks and their morals appear worse than elsewhere. An epidemic of egg-stealing sometimes seems to infect a whole rook colony, while a neighbouring colony will pay little attention to eggs, and even the same colony will be all in the egg-stealing business one season and will neglect it altogether the next. But what has made the partridge nests peculiarly open to the attacks of these black-coated fellows this year is that the spring foliage and undergrowth at the base of the fences and hedgerows has been so late. Partridges, like other birds, have had to be content with little shelter, and the marauders have fallen on good times.

The May-fly season has (it is now unfortunately necessary to speak of it in the past tense) been a very fairly good one. The weather has been very dry, and relatively independent as the chief May-fly rivers are of rain for their supply of water, they would have been much the fresher for a shower or two. As it was, good bags were made. Comparatively speaking, the Upper Test, where the fly was as usual later, did better than the lower reaches, and the Kennet has also given good sport. In some rivers there is no doubt that the May-fly is extending its range, and equally there is no doubt that here and there May-fly are appearing on streams that did not know them before. But, on the other hand, it is said that they are practically deserting parts of the once famous Itchen, where they used to be numerous. In the eyes of many this is a serious matter, though there are those who believe that trout will stay longer through the season feeding on the smaller fly where they do not get their gorge of May-flies, and thus the sport is more evenly distributed.

The Thames seems to have broken its record, or equalled a former record, with a trout of 17lb. 3oz. caught by a working man at Radcot. We say "seems" of purpose, for the working man declines to give his name or to explain the manner in which he caught the monster. In fact, the whole affair seems slightly "fishy," as "fish tales" are so apt to be. However, in a letter to the *Field* of June 10th, Mr. A. R. Matthews says that the fish was on exhibition at Mr. Wilton's, the Maidenhead fishmonger, though it does not appear that he saw it there. Mr. Matthews also mentions the curious coincidence, if nothing more, that a fish of exactly the same weight was caught in a net at Brentford in the Jubilee year. It may, of course, be this very Jubilee fish that the working man caught—he declines to say how—at Radcot, but more likely that there should be two of its kind and size perhaps. But if the Thames be going to give us trout like this, what need have we of salmon? The answer is, no doubt, that we have need of something that will take a fly; and whatever this record trout of Radcot was or did, there is no evidence to make us think he did such an infantile thing as that.

Once or twice in these notes we have referred to the carrier-pigeon service across the Channel, and the value that the establishment of such a service might be to the War Office, under conceivable, though eminently undesirable, circumstances. It appears that there is now a very well-established service from London to Belgium, under the auspices of the Chatelet Club. The result of a recent trial of birds liberated in London and homing to Chatelet was that out of 300 birds released one-half reached Chatelet, 200 miles distant, within fifteen minutes of each other. This is remarkably level going, and the average speed attained is said to have been 1,000yds. a minute. Surely this might prove a very useful postal service when other means of communication were stopped.

From the Banavie Hotel to the top of Ben Nevis, snow-clad at the time, a distance of seven miles, ascending to a height of 4,400ft., and back again in two hours and forty-one minutes—this is the kind of performance that we want the late A. H. Clough among us again to celebrate worthily. The man that performed this wonderful feat of athletics was one Kennedy, a local game-keeper, defeating all his opponents, though none were well known to fame, with an ease that was rather ridiculous. The second best took nearly an hour more. Kennedy's descent is described as a series of bounds down so precipitous a surface that a false

step might have meant instant death. It is almost worthy of an epic poem.

The record catches lately made in the North Sea by Grimsby trawlers have consisted largely of halibut. These monster flat fish, always popular in the Northern towns, are now coming into favour in London, where ten years ago they were not commonly sold. Last week some gigantic halibut were on sale, one reaching the weight of 110lb. They have been known to reach 150lb. But 100lb. is a more usual size, and fish approaching this weight have been commonly brought home by the trawlers during the present year. They are nearly all taken off Iceland, and rumour says that new trawling grounds have been discovered there, where the sea bottom is "crawling" with monster halibut. Possibly the seizures of English trawlers and general unpleasantness with the Danish Government have something to do with this.

An English farm of over 17,000 acres is a rarity. The Reading College students, with those from Lady Warwick's Hostel, saw part of one at Lockinge, by Lord Wantage's invitation, last week. The whole of this immense enterprise is run to pay, and is maintained and improved yearly under the management of a single factor, Mr. C. Eady, who, under Lord Wantage's general supervision, controls the whole agricultural management of crops, stock, and machinery. The land varies from meadows in the vale, so rich that the Hereford steers fatten on them without corn or cake, to the highest down pasture and arable, watered from a complete set of reservoirs and pipes constructed recently on the hill and its slopes. The head of stock is large, though not large for the acreage, much of the ground cultivated being reserved for growing fine barley for sale to brewers, and so not used for stock-raising. There are, however, 9,800 sheep and 900 head of cattle, mostly Herefords, grazing on the meadows, and one of the finest studs of Shire horses in the country. The amount of corn sown and reaped may be gathered from the fact that after last year's harvest there were 840 stacks on the farm. The experiment was begun in the worst of the bad times, when Lord Wantage took on the farms as the tenants gave them up. Subsequently he has found it satisfactory to farm at first hand, and by so doing has not only created a model estate, but encouraged other landlords who had farms left on their hands.

Protection is now being asked for the Cornish choughs of Ireland. Their remaining breeding-places are on the West Coast, in Kerry, Mayo, Donegal, and Antrim, and in one or two spots in Cork and Waterford. Choughs are now almost the rarest and most local of our indigenous birds, and that curse of vanishing species, the paid collector, is largely the cause of their disappearance. The Rev. Murray Mathew, in his recently-published "Birds of Devon," speaking of the greed of collectors for their eggs and skins, says that they no longer nest even on Lundy Island. It is far easier to see a pair of ravens on any part of the South and West Coasts than a pair of choughs in places where both these species formerly bred. On the West Coast of Scotland there are still a fair number left, which may, if preserved, fill up the gaps along the more Southern Coasts of Wales and the Bristol Channel.

Mr. C. B. Moffat shares our opinion expressed last week as to the increase of home-breeding woodcocks. In Ireland he finds them more numerous in every part of the country than they were formerly. This he thinks is not due to the increase of the area of forest, as the new plantations are mostly fir, while the woodcocks' favourite breeding-place is in oak woods, which do not increase. He maintains that the woodcock is extending its area westward. There is a feeling abroad that several other species are inclined to do this, and that the visits of sand-grouse, and some other Eastern and Northern species, may be due to this tendency on the part of birds. Nor is this confined to Eastern birds; there is no doubt, for instance, that the turtle-dove comes westward to breed in far greater numbers than it did twenty years ago.

The "butterfly farm" at the Zoo is specially attractive at the present time. The huge Atlas moths are hatching out of their cocoons, and many other beautiful creatures of the silk moth and swallow-tail species are undergoing the changes incidental to their way of life. The caterpillars of one large Japanese moth are spinning their cocoons. These are fastened to plum leaves, on which the grubs feed, and are of the most brilliant green, like a young leaf. Another moth, the *Eacles Regalis*, is coming out in a dress of cream colour and rose; so are the moon moths, and a number of American swallow-tails. We would suggest that, if possible, some of the finer English kinds should be reared in the gardens. But though the private hawk is common enough, it seems difficult to obtain larvae of the Death's-head moth. It is a scarce insect everywhere.

When a dog or any other person has once got himself a bad name, there is no crime that will not be charged to him. The heron is writ down very large in the angler's black books, but it is very open to question whether he, with his live fish catching propensities, does one-hundredth of the harm that the dipper, the swan, or any other spawn-eating bird perpetrates. Moreover, eels seem to be his diet by preference. There is no doubt that pike are increasing, and actually appearing where in old

days they were not, and for this again the poor heron is sometimes held guilty. It is said that the heron, fishing in a pike-stocked pond and thence flying over to one that is free of these fresh-water sharks, may possibly bring some of the spawn on his feet from the mud of the one to the mud of the other, and so introduce the undesirable fish. It is possible, no doubt, but does not sound probable. At all events, it supposes a combination of incidents that must be very exceptional.

GREAT DOGS AND GREAT LADIES.

OF all spots in which to hold a dog show, the beautiful grounds of the Ranelagh Club are quite the most perfect. Opinions are unanimous on this point. The committee were fortunate in having these grounds lent to them for the occasion, through the influence of Her Grace the Duchess of Newcastle, who is president of the show. That the affair was a brilliant success is a matter of congratulation to all concerned. The hon secretary, Mr. Hood Wright, and hon. director, Mr. C. Cruft, worked very hard. Mr. Hood Wright was here, there, and everywhere, lending a willing ear to every-

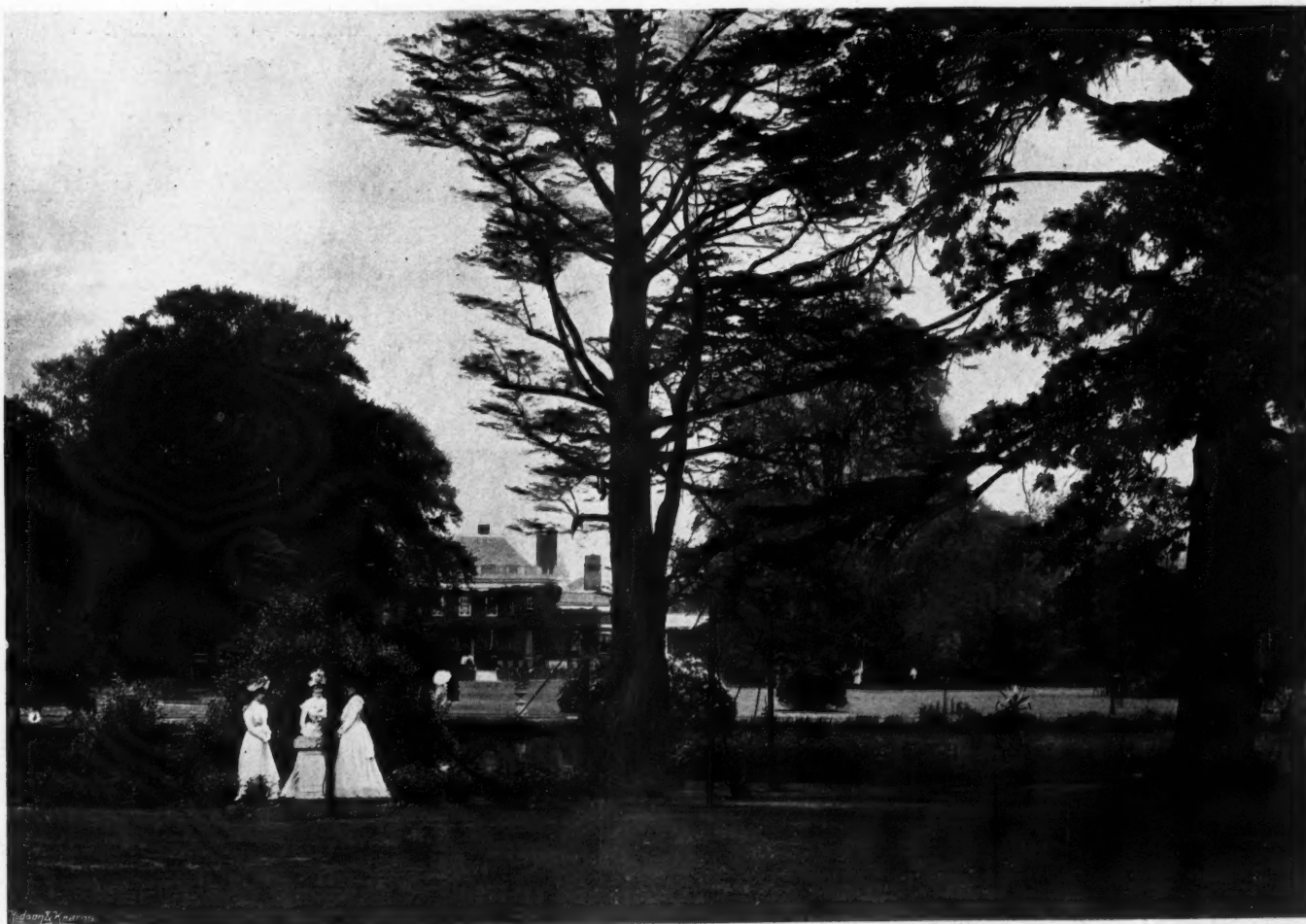


T. Fall,

KNIGHT OF KERRY AND ORMONDE.

Baker Street.

one. The heat was simply tropical, too hot for the comfort of exhibitors, but it was none too hot to show off to the best advantage the lovely grounds with all their flowering trees and shrubs just springing into blossom. The beauty of the scene was greatly enhanced by the pretty costumes of the visitors. Her Grace of Newcastle was, as usual, appropriately gowned, and looked delightfully fresh and cool in a coat and skirt of pale pink linen. Lady Noreen Hastings was in pale grey, and made a charming little aide-de-camp to the Duchess. Mrs. Harry Horsfall wore a picture dress of white and blue, which became her



T. Fall,

VIEW OF CLUB-HOUSE ACROSS THE RIVER.

Baker Street.

immensely, and a shady straw hat trimmed with roses. Mrs. Hebe Carthew was in white, with a relief of scarlet poppies in her hat. Lady Reid had a costume of fawn and cream, with pink roses in her hat, and a white feather boa round her neck; with her came Mrs. Hughes and her sister, Miss Greenwood. The bride, Mrs. E. M. Everitt, wore a fawn coat and skirt,



T. Fall.

THE BORZOI RING: BUSY JUDGING.

Baker Street.

and a toque of a pretty shade of blue. But I must now leave the vanities of the flesh, and get me to the judging rings, where the judging went on right merrily. The show was held under Kennel Club Rules, and consisted of wolf, deer, and boar hounds. Mr. E. A. Shirley judged the Borzois, and a very conscientious judge he made. It is a pleasure to watch a man judging when his heart is in his work; and while not wasting time, he noted every point of the dogs very carefully. In the open class for dogs, the Duchess of Newcastle carried off, with her beautiful Champion Velsk, the dog championship, the club's 25-guinea challenge cup, and the silver cup presented by Mrs. Horsfall. Mr. S. Smith's Michael was second, and Velasquez third.

It is sad to record the death of that grand old dog, Champion Golub. He was entered by his mistress, though not for competition, with the rest of her kennel of Borzois, but died shortly after being removed from his travelling box, no doubt from the intense heat. There will be one champion the less to return to Clumber.

In the limit class, Miss A. M. Carless took first with Osca Michael, and the special given by the *Ladies' Field* for the best novice dog. Her Grace of Newcastle took second with Nagrajai III., better known to his friend as Nags. The latter gentleman strongly disapproves of dog shows; he thinks Clumber is quite good enough for him, and he doesn't mind if he never goes to Ranelagh again. Nags is a house dog, and a special favourite of the Duchess. He only consented to appear at Ranelagh to support the show, as he heard it was a case of all hands to the front, and he was assured before leaving Clumber that Her Grace or Lady Noreen Hastings would "valet" him the whole time. Nags is a dog who will have nothing to do with kennelmen. The Misses H.

and A. Arnold's Lofki took third in this class. In the novice class for dogs Mr. A. Blook took a reserved, and the special given by the Duchess for the best dog or bitch sired by one of the Clumber Stud dogs, with Altoft Boris. This dog is by Champion Velsk out of Champion Tsaritsa. Osca Michael was first, Mrs. Borman's Khan second, and Mr. N. Kilvert's Vologda third. In the open class for bitches Champion Tsaritsa carried off her seventieth first prize, with the Borzoi Club's silver challenge cup, and the silver cup given by the Ranelagh Club to the best Borzoi in the show; Zairka was second, and Mrs. Borman's Starlight third. Mrs. Hood Wright took very highly commended and reserve with Selwood Olga. In the limit bitches Mr. N. Kilvert took first and five specials with Knoeas, one of the specials being the special prize of £1 is. given by the proprietors of the *Ladies' Field* for the best bitch in that class; Zairka was second, and Starlight third. In novices Knoeas was first, Theadora second, and Miss M. T. Haple's Gyda third. In the maiden class Knoeas was first, Theadora second, and Mrs. Kindell's Vazerki third.

Her Grace the Duchess of Newcastle took the silver cup in the leash class; she also took the stud dog prize and the breeders' prize, only open to members of the Borzoi Club.

Mrs. Young had three dogs there. Grand Duke Constantine was shown in the limit class; Grand Duchess Neva and Czarina Lubedka both were commended.

Deerhounds came next in the catalogue, Mr. Shirley also judging in this ring. The championship for dogs was awarded to Mr. Hood Wright's Champion Selwood Dhouran, who also took first in open. Mr. H. Rawson's Champion Selwood Morven was second, and Mrs. H. Armstrong's Rufford Bend Or third,



T. Fall.

THE GREAT DANE RING.

Baker Street.

Mrs. Hebe Carthew's Rugby Ben-my-Chree only taking a very highly commended. Her Grace of Newcastle entered the lists with a couple of deerhound puppies, The Little Minister and Lady Babbie, litter brother and sister; the dog was first in the maiden, and third in the novice class. If the Duchess turns her attention to deerhounds in the same way that she has done

to Borzois and fox-terriers, some of the present owners of deerhounds will have to look to their laurels. One hundred and five deerhounds were entered for this show, and as the usual number of these dogs exhibited rarely exceeds one-fourth of that number, it shows how well the club supported the show.

Mrs. H. L. Horsfall won the championship in Great Danes with her well-known Champion Hannibal of Redgrave, who also won the challenge trophy and the Ranelagh Club's silver cup. Champion Hannibal is too famous to require description. I need only say that he was shown in his usual faultless form, and that his victory was a most popular one. Corresponding honours in bitches were taken by Mr. H. Schmidt's Lady Topper, a handsome dark brindle with a white chest, of immense size and a most imposing appearance. Mrs. Horsfall was the largest exhibitor in this breed, and showed some splendid specimens, all of whom were prize-winners; also three of the novices who took first



T. Fall.

COUNT HYDRAS.

Baker Street.



T. Fall.

MICHAEL.

Baker Street.

prizes were bred by her, though they have passed into other hands. Lot of Redgrave was looking very well, and took second in the Harlequin (bitches) class to Mr. Leadbetter's Cricket. Mr. Alberti judged this breed very slowly. Irish wolfhounds were a grand lot; but here the judging was not quite satisfactory. The two champions were O'Leary and Pomona, a dog and bitch (litter brother and sister), by Bran II. out of Princess Oona, both owned by Mr. George E. Crisp, of The Hall, Playford, Ipswich.

BEAGLE.

Our Portrait Illustration.

THE portrait of the Duchess of Newcastle, with her noble Borzoi beside her, which forms our frontispiece, gives an appropriate finish to the pictures of the Ranelagh Show of which the Duchess has been the moving spirit.

LITERARY NOTES.

IT is, I suppose, a sign of the spirit of the age that the editor of the *Academy* has issued a catechetical circular with the object of learning from literary men and women what is "the best month's holiday for a literary man of average means who has completed a hard year's work and needs rest and change." Certainly it is a sign of the times that the said editor has received a great many answers to his catechism. He has got answers from Professor Skeat, Messrs. W. L. Courtney, William Archer, Sidney Lee, Stephen Phillips, Maurice Hewlett, Frederic Wedmore, Alfred Harmsworth, Benjamin Swift, L. F. Austin, Pett Ridge, and Max Beerbohm, from Mrs. W. K. Clifford and Dean Hole—a very odd and miscellaneous assortment.

Now the true answer to this question is the advice to go and do what you like best. What one likes best, in the innocent way, is always the most healthful thing. Perhaps the next best answer—although in the case of another man it might savour of advertisement—is that of Dean Hole, who, without further parley, recommends three hostelrys, in all of which, presumably, he has been comfortable. Short of being sensible, the respondent to a question of this sort has no resource save to be affected. In this respect Mr. Max Beerbohm—to be sure it is his *metier*—may claim to be far ahead of his contemporaries. He writes simply "A four-post bed in a field of poppies." That is not to be surpassed for silly cleverness, and the silliness, at any rate, is very obvious. But Mr. Benjamin Swift, author of several curious books, runs Mr. Max Beerbohm hard: "If he wishes to worship any created thing, let him worship the sun, and live in the open air as his temple. Let him eat oatmeal, wheaten bread, and fish, and drink mild, soft wine." The advice may be good enough, but I protest that the "wheaten bread" sticks in my gizzard as much as oatmeal would; it is priggishness run mad. Moreover, if anybody cared what the recreations of literary men were, one might undertake to get a better list of them and of their recreations out of "Who's Who?"

Everybody who writes about books is, in theory at any rate, within reach of every book of which he or she may wish to speak. Facts, however, do not always fit in with this theory. For example, I desired to say, here or elsewhere,

something about that clearly remarkable book, "The Martyrdom of an Empress," and I sent for it—to find that it had been recalled by the publishers. Those fortunate persons who have bought the book will be well advised to "hold" it for a while, for it is sure to become valuable. If I am correctly informed, it contains secrets about Court life in Vienna, and particularly about the late Crown Prince, which ought never to have been revealed. That is precisely what makes it interesting. A more or less similar incident occurred with reference to the first edition of Purcell's "Life of Cardinal Manning," which came to me in the ordinary course, and contains some indiscretions so delicious that one can hardly think they were accidental.

"The Cruise of the Cachalot," as all the world knows, is the work of Mr. Bullen, who contributes from time to time some of his excellent work to *COUNTRY LIFE*. Some of it, indeed, is in hand now, on which the readers of *COUNTRY LIFE* are to be congratulated. But that is not the whole point of this paragraph. The point is, rather, that to recognise sound work is by no means always so easy as it might seem to be. There is an announcement current to the effect that, for some reason or another, "The Cruise of the Cachalot" was not copyrighted in America, an omission sadly detrimental to those who are legitimately concerned in the matter and flagrantly profitable to those whose concern with it is wholly illegitimate and unscrupulous. For the moment I cannot remember the name of Mr. Bullen's publisher, but the statement, if it be accurate, means that the publisher was so little impressed by Mr. Bullen's work, which is quite first-rate, that he did not think it worth while to secure copyright in the United States. That, however, is no singular thing. Some of the best books ever written in our language have been hawked round among many publishers before they were accepted at all, let alone any question of copyright abroad. And some, better than any of them, have probably failed to find any publisher at all.

M. Zola's next two books are to deal with England and the Dreyfus case. Let us hope that he may write the latter first and forget the former. The Dreyfus subject is one which he knows to the bottom, and in relation to which he

cannot be too merciless. About England he knows very little, and one does not feel any desire to see him dissecting its life or its constitution.

Books to order from the library :—

- "Rupert, by the Grace of God." Dora G. McChesney. (Macmillan.)
 "Holland and the Hollanders." David S. Meldrum. (Blackwood.)
 "The Fowler." Beatrice Harraden. (Blackwood.)
 "Postle Farm." George Ford. (Blackwood.)
 "On Buis and Stipules." Sir John Lubbock. (Kegan Paul.)
 "When the Sleeper Wakes." H. G. Wells. (Harper.) LOOKER-ON.

Photographic Competition.

FROM time to time readers of COUNTRY LIFE who are interested in photography send specimens of their work. Many of the photographs they forward are of excellent merit. With a view to their encouragement it has been determined to begin another Photographic Competition.

A FIRST PRIZE OF TWENTY POUNDS, SECOND PRIZE OF TEN POUNDS, AND THIRD PRIZE OF FIVE POUNDS

will be given for the three best sets of not less than twelve photographs illustrative of country life in any of its phases. The following list will suggest the subjects that will receive favourable consideration :

- | | |
|--|--|
| Gardens such as those appearing with the articles "Gardens Old and New." | Village industries and life. |
| Cottage gardens. | Village halls. |
| Tree and floral studies. | Agriculture in any of its forms. |
| Moated houses. | Picturesque farm buildings. |
| Old wrought-iron gates and other ironwork. | Leadwork : vases, figures, cisterns, etc. |
| Picturesque villages and cottages. | Animal or bird life. |
| | Dovecotes. |
| | Various outdoor sports, such as fishing, shooting, hawking, yachting, etc. |

In addition to the three prizes named, a special one of Five Pounds will be given for the best set of not less than six photographs illustrating the most artistic effects that can be obtained in gardening.

The photographs should be silver prints—preferably on printing-out paper—not smaller than half-plate size, and should be carefully packed, and addressed to the Editor in a parcel bearing the words "Photographic Competition" on the outside. For the purpose of identification each individual photograph must be clearly marked with the name and address of the competitor, but no responsibility for the safe keeping of the competing photographs can be accepted, although every care will be taken to return safely any unsuccessful photographs if stamps for this purpose are enclosed.

It is understood that all reproduction rights of the successful photographs will pass to the Proprietors of COUNTRY LIFE, and, if required, the negatives of these pictures will be given up to them. The Proprietors also reserve to themselves the right to make use of any of the unsuccessful photographs upon

payment of from 5s. to 10s. 6d. for each picture published, according to their idea of merit.

The Competition will close on October 14th, and the decision of the Editor, which will be final and without appeal, will be announced as early as possible after this date.



HARRY VARDON, by this win of his third championship—his second championship in succession—coming as the culminating point to a series of wins throughout the year, has proved himself champion with a right to the title such as no golfer has ever held before. No man has done so much, been so constantly successful, and this although no man has had such fields to meet. The course at Sandwich, though not a very long one, is essentially a long driver's course. This paradox is to be explained by the fact that at every hole, almost without exception, there are long carries to be made from the tee. Once the bunkers that form the hazards for the tee shot are passed there is not much more danger or difficulty at many of the holes ; but these hazards must be carried by the tee shot. There must be no compromise. In many cases in the championship meeting at Sandwich a stiffish breeze was opposed to the man who would drive these carries. Yet they presented no trouble at all to the champion. Playing with a short and rather a light club—probably it was the most toy-like driver used by any of the competitors—he hit every ball with a magnificent freedom and power that made these long carries, even with the wind in face, seem like child's play. His second shot is as powerful as his first, and he won the championship with ease by the sheer power of his long game and its wonderful steadiness. Park, who has put himself into the position of his principal rival by challenging him to play for a considerable money stake (the match comes off at Ganton, Vardon's home green, near Scarborough and North Berwick, in July), could do but little good. He took equal third place with Braid on the first day, but on the second day went all to pieces, apparently badly bothered by the strong wind. Taylor was second on the first day, only one stroke behind Vardon, and when the first round of the second day had been played he still held second place, though he had lost two more strokes on the leader, and was three behind. But in the last round he played anxiously, nervously, and Vardon clean lost sight of him. Jack White, with a marvellously good round of 75, the lowest made in the competition, came in second, five strokes behind the leader—second in the best field, and second to the best man, that has ever entered for the championship. It was a great day for England, and while Vardon remains alive and well it is hard to see how a Scotsman is going to take that championship cup back over the border again. With Vardon and Taylor first and second, and only one round to go, it looked as if the Englishmen were to occupy the two leading places. The fates ruled otherwise. But in any case it was a fine triumph for the professional class. Not an amateur of the lot was in the running. Mr. Tait, who finished best of the amateurs, was strokes behind. Still he has every reason to look back with satisfaction on this meeting. He won the St. George's Vase quite handsomely, being as far ahead of his field as Vardon of his greater field, and it is very doubtful whether the two scores of 76 and 79 which won Mr. Tait the vase were not quite as good as the two 76's with which Vardon led the way on the first day of the championship. For the amateur competition the tees were

stretched back to that portentous length that the holes only assume on the occasion of the St. George's Vase competition. For the championship they are long enough, but not so long as for the vase. There are those that think the vase tees too long ; but it was a condition of the giver that it should be played for over these long carries, and the committee are rightly loth to depart from them. Mr. Hilton ran Mr. Tait most closely, but he had a bad first round that virtually knocked him out of the running. After that he played steadily, but steady play is not good enough even to hold its own with such a man as Vardon, still less to overtake him. The champion holds his title with the fullest right that champion ever had.

THE EXMOOR PONY.

SO long as Whyte Melville's works are read, so long will the Exmoor pony be thought of as something to be regarded with almost superstitious reverence, in consequence of the frequent allusion to the breed in the pages of "Katerfelto." All this, perhaps, is scarcely complimentary to the Exmoor



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.D.

AT THE WATERING-PLACE.

Copyright

pony, inasmuch as the breed possesses so many merits of its own that it requires no friendly novelist to write it up; but the fact remains that the fame of the Exmoors has reached many parts of the world, through the medium of "Katerfelto," which in all human probability would never have known of the bonny little horses.

The antiquity of the Exmoor is undeniable, though possibly he may not be quite so ancient a variety as the hardy Dartmoors, which live on the exposed moors of Southern Devon; but the fact that the history of the Exmoors is inextricably interwoven with that of Bampton Fair, one of the oldest institutions of its kind in England, proves that the pedigrees of the pure-bred ponies must extend for centuries backwards, if they were capable of being traced. The sentimentalists, moreover, may be glad to be assured that the subject of Whyte Melville's novel was a stern reality and not a creation of the writer's fertile brain, for beyond all doubt a pony stallion which was known as Katerfelto ranged Exmoor many scores of years ago. Whence he came no one ever knew, though it is surmised that he escaped with his life from some vessel that was wrecked on the beautiful though inhospitable shores of North Devon and found his way on to the moor. He has been described as having been a dun with a dark list or stripe down his back, and it may be remarked in connection with this statement that, be it true or false, many dun-coloured Exmoors are still to be found in Devonshire. The name of Katerfelto, moreover, is treasured by many an inhabitant of Exmoor as being that of a mysterious sire which effected much good to the native pony; and old people will still point out with pride the scene of an enormous leap, which they solemnly assure the stranger Katerfelto took in order to evade capture by his pursuers on one memorable occasion.

Whatever, however, may have been the value of the ancient Exmoor pony, the merits of his descendants are most ungrudgingly recognised by horse-lovers, who find in them a most excellent little horse, which, although not much over 12h. 2in. high as a rule, is intelligent, fine actioned, speedy, and so powerful that he can, and very often does, carry a full-grown man with credit to them both through a long day with the stag-



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

BY THE ROADSIDE.

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hounds which hunt the district. At the same time it must regretfully be admitted that the Exmoor pony, like many other breeds of horses, has suffered from the ill-advised attempts of his friends to make him better than he naturally is. From the date, about the commencement of the present century, when the late Sir Frederick Knight's family took over Simonsbath, including the forest of Exmoor, from the Aclands, systematic endeavours have been made to improve the Exmoor and increase his size by crossing him with thorough-breds and other breeds. The result of this is that the Simonsbath Exmoors have increased in stature, but at the expense of pedigree, as a pure-bred pony is very difficult to find in that part of the county, though, happily, many are still to be met with in the neighbourhood of Dulverton, near which the seat of the late Sir Thomas Acland at Porlock is situated. This is owing to the extreme care that was taken until quite a recent period to keep the blood of the ponies that were brought from Simonsbath as pure as possible; but during the past few years it has been generally understood that some experiments have been made in the way of crossing a few of the mares at Porlock. Many of the ponies belonging to this stud, however, may still be regarded as being absolutely pure-bred, and so may those of one or two other breeders residing in the district, though it is to be feared that the majority of so called Exmoors are merely cross-breds.

The natural height of an Exmoor is about 12h. 2in., and one of his chief beauties is his extremely handsome head. His back, too, is short and level, and his shoulders good; but there is a tendency in many otherwise excellent specimens to droop about the quarters and to be cow-hocked, both of which defects are by no means uncommon ones amongst mountain or moorland ponies. The best colours by far are bay and brown, but owing no doubt to the existence of a cross of alien blood chestnuts are becoming as common as either now. Greys, too, are by no means infrequently met with, and duns are to be found, some bearing the dark list down the back which was a feature of Katerfelto's colour. A very general characteristic of the Exmoor is the mealy or tan-coloured muzzle, which distinguishes the majority of the purest-bred ones, and so generally is this muzzle associated in the minds of the public with the breed



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A COOL CORNER.

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C. Reid, Wishaw, N.E.

TYPICAL FONIES.

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that a pony thus marked is frequently described as a member of the variety. Though not quite so strong in constitution as the Dartmoor, the Exmoor pony is a particularly hardy little horse, whilst his disposition and manners are simply charming. No day is too long for him; he can go fast in harness or jump a country—all work seems to come alike to an Exmoor; and as, in the vernacular of the horse world, a good specimen is as handsome as paint, it goes without saying that he is thoroughly entitled to all the praise that is lavished upon him by his many friends.

The Conscience of the . . . Police Magistrate.

I HAD got fast into a fish just as the light was failing. He had fought me up and down the pool and across, never leaving it, and then, as his strength gave way, he went with a run down the dashing tail of the pool, and gave up the struggle in the still water beyond.

It is wonderful, when one kills a fish at this late hour, and looks away from the water, after performing his obsequies, how dark all Nature looks. It is chiefly the contrast of the bright gleaming water with the colourless sombre moorland that makes the change; and, moreover, only a moment ago you were occupied, heart and soul and eye and every faculty, in the struggle with the fish. Now, in an instant, all that is over, and all you have to occupy you is the problem, constantly growing darker, of finding your way home. So it was with me. I had the fish to carry; but he was only a nine-pounder—they all ran small in that river—so I could manage him. I had sent a couple more like him home by my henchman earlier in the afternoon. I had my tramp back all to myself.

At first I felt fairly confident of the road—so to speak, for there was no road—over the moor; but, soon after starting, a murky cloud came over the corner of the hill, and a slant of warm rain blustered on a south wind into my face, obscuring all outlines; and soon I was obliged to confess myself lost. It was a bad look-out. The night was warm, but it promised to be wet. I had no very stout overcoat; I was seven miles, as I reckoned, from my own and only decent habitation; I reckoned I should have to wait till the sky cleared, or the moon rose, or the day dawned, to reveal to me landmarks by which I could do my steering. And just as these pleasant facts came home, with convincing force, I saw a red light twinkling through the darkness on the right. It was a joyful sight. It burned with a ruddy warmth that proved it no Will-o'-the-wisp, and I made my way directly for it.

Now I doubt not, if I had the doing of the thing again, I should do the same, even if my prophetic soul had told me of all the consequences; but, as a matter of fact, my prophetic soul told me nothing—except smooth things. I trudged manfully towards the red glim, with relief at the thought of escaping my wet night on the moor. And the prospect of being housed in comfort or put safely on my way would no doubt have made me act as I did, even if I had known what was coming, so prone is man to accept present physical comfort at the expense of future mental and moral suffering—suffering, that is to say, of conscience, and perplexity of mind.

I went towards the red glim, and the nearer I approached it the more I was perplexed about its nature. It had not the look of a light in a cottage window, besides which I knew it to be in a part of the hill where, in fact, there was no cottage. It had the warm glow of a forge rather than the yellower light of a lit house. In a few minutes I came close to it. For an instant, looking into the now visible interior, I

had a shudder. I thought of gnomes and fairies at their reputed metallurgical work in the earth; but the next moment I realised what I had stumbled on. It was an illicit still.

In many parts of Ireland, I have not the slightest doubt, they still exist. At that time there were very many. I had but lately retired from the Army, and had been appointed magistrate in this rather wild part of Ireland for the special purpose of putting down the illicit distilleries. It was my duty to wage war on them, and yet here I was walking into the very jaws of one with the intention of asking charity and hospitality. My instinct, as soon as I saw the gigantic copper or cauldron that revealed the true significance of my comforting red glim, was to turn and flee, ready to trust myself to the wet mercies of the night rather than of the probable scoundrels within the heather-covered cave; but I was too late. A confounded lurcher that they had with them had winded me, or my fish, and burst out barking furiously.

"Arrah, then, Blazer, fwhat iss it?" said a burly rascal who came out of the reek into the doorway, and saw me with a readiness that only much practice in night-work could give. There was nothing for it but to go on. I marched up, stated my case, and asked the men if they could put me on my road. There were two of them, and at my request they looked at each other doubtfully, and at me with some suspicion.

"I have the plissure of yer honour's acquaintance," said the burly fellow, whose name I later learned to be Paddy O'Brien, "and I have the plissure of knowing yer honour to be connected with the poliss."

"With the police," I said, "certainly," for I saw it was no use trying to bamboozle him, even had I cared to do so. "And my chief business, when I am on business"—I put in the last clause with emphasis—"is to put down things like this that I see here," pointing to the potheen place. "At present I am not



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.E. EXMOORS STARTING FOR BAMPTON.

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on business, but only fishing, and if you would be so good as to show me my way home, for I have fairly lost myself, I'd be very much obliged to you."

Again Paddy looked at his pal doubtfully.

"An' if we put yer honour on the road," he said presently, "will yer honour swear by yer solemn that ye'll take no proceedin's, that ye'll forgit to remimber that iver there's sich a place as the little shop ye see here—will yer honour?"

I said I would swear by anything and everything.

"Fwhat will he swear by?" Paddy asked his pal.

"Fwhat use to make a gentleman swear, and a polissman too? They're not religious whativer, the poliss."

So I was let off the oath, with a bare promise that served as well perhaps, seeing that I was not religious enough to swear. I promised that no harm should come to the still from that night's meeting, and so the rascals set me on my way, accompanying me a good bit down the hill, and insisting on leaving me, if you please, with a bottle of the potheen in my pocket, while two half-crowns found their way into their pockets—a nice position for a police magistrate, whose chief business in life was, ostensibly, the putting down of these illicit stills!

I reached home with my salmon, tired, wet, hungry, but should never have reached it at all that night but for the kind help of my friends on the hill. Of course I kept my word, but with a conscience mighty sore, and said nothing to a soul of the experience of the evening.

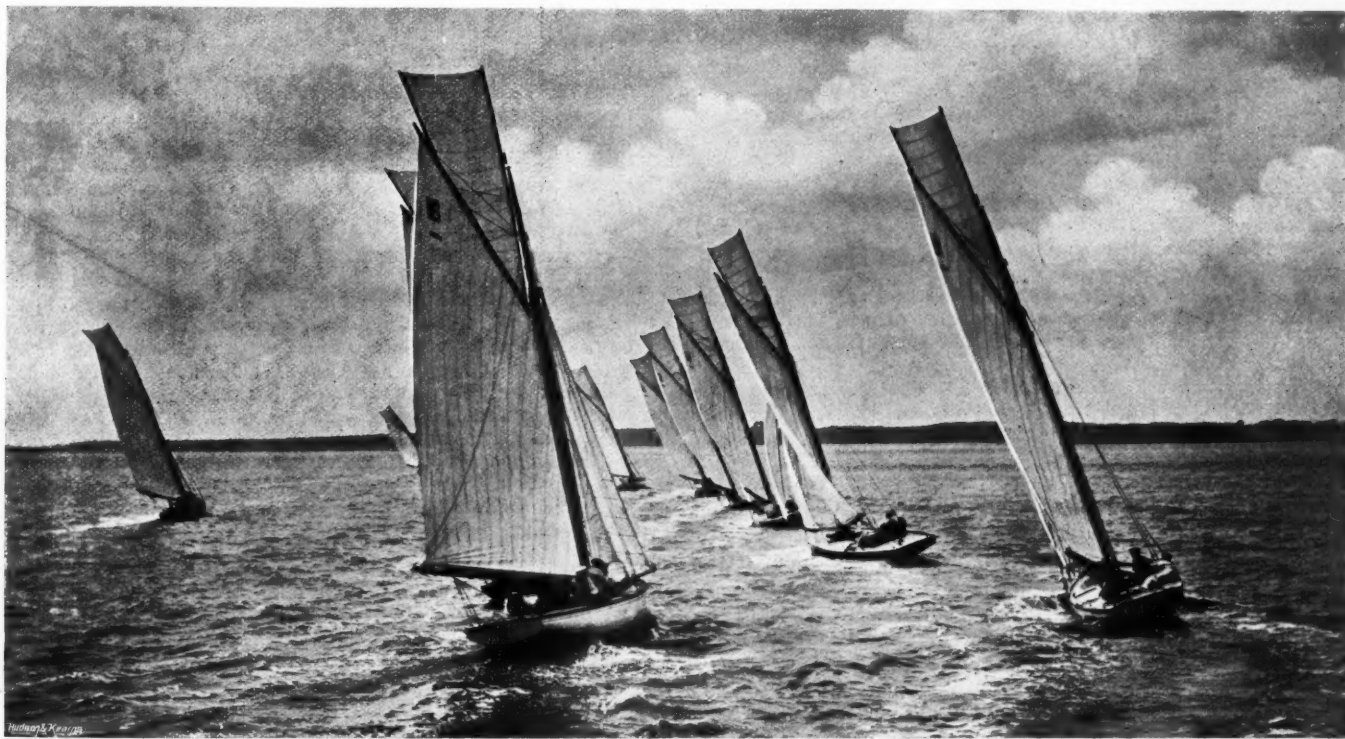
And then, a year or so later, I heard to my surprise, and even more than surprise, that someone had given information to the police of an illicit still that, by the geographical description, I knew must be the very one that I had thus lit on; and I was disgusted, and a little frightened. I was disgusted because I thought at once that Paddy O'Brien would conclude that I had broken faith and told on him; and I was frightened because I fancied that this was just the sort of treatment that would rouse the hot Celtic blood of Paddy O'Brien, and set him in watch for me, with a blunderbuss, behind a hedge. And I do not like this hedge-shooting. I hoped that my first meeting with Paddy

So that Paddy and I are remaining the best of friends; but it is a trying position for a man of conscience connected with the police, whose chief mission in life is the putting down of these illicit stills.



ONE-DESIGN CLASSES.

THE past few seasons have witnessed a peculiar and ever-growing development in a particular branch of the very popular sport of small yacht racing. We allude to the continuously-increasing number of one-design classes that have not only been established in England, but also at the chief yachting centres all over the British Isles. This year several new classes of the same description have been started, and on the Clyde a very important development in this direction has taken place, which seems likely to have a most momentous bearing on yacht-racing in general. Hitherto one-design boats have been of very small tonnage; but the Clyde men have gone a step further, with the result that a new one-design class of 20-ton yachts has been instituted. If one-design boats increase at the present rate, the more legitimate Yacht-Racing Association



West and Son,

A CLOSE RACE.

Southsea.

would be in the open and in the daylight, when I could assure him that I had no hand in his betrayal.

And by good luck I did so meet him. He came to me not at all as a man meeting one whom he thought had done him an injury, nor, indeed, as a man who had had losses, but with a jaunty air of much confidence. I began to express to him my sorrow that just judgment had overtaken him in the capture of his still, and to assure him of my innocence in the affair.

But he interrupted me with a "Sure an' yer honour's divil a cause to vix yerself, for the ould copper wass fairly used up whativer, and fit for nothin' in this world but the biling of cloes; and as for the information, 'twas just mesilf fwhat laid the information against me partner, forewarnin' him, so that he's keepin' out the way a bit; an' the riward, yer honour'll understand, the riward's bought us a fine new copper, an' a bigger than the ould, and there's a bit of money in hand and over for extindin' the business, so to spake."

classes must suffer, for we constantly see yachtsmen who have raced in the latter turn their attention to the former; and as the supply of men who can afford the time and money for the by no means cheap sort of even small yacht racing must always necessarily be limited, it soon apparently will become a matter of considerable difficulty to find a sufficiency of owners to enter under Y.R.A. rules.

The next question to be considered is whether this great growth of one-design classes will influence the pastime in general for better or for worse. It should here be remembered, moreover, that racing is more closely connected with cruising than one might at first suppose; for the different rating rules have in the past been the cause of making owners and designers experiment with different types of craft, with the result that the best form of hull and equipment, both as regards pace and seaworthy qualities, has been brought forward. It can, therefore, be safely assumed that the modern cruising yacht would not have reached

her present state of perfection had it not been for the assistance of her racing sisters. Much in the same way the Turf has helped on the successful breeding of hunters and other horses intended for light work. Every day we see the better types of racing yachts copied, to a very large extent, by the cruising division. Now it is very general to observe yachts which are never intended to carry a fighting flag built with spoon bows; but these would probably never have come into general use had it not been for the rating rule of 1887. These bows undoubtedly help a vessel in a seaway, and every impartial witness must admit that they improve a yacht's appearance. Excessive overhangs must, however, be guarded against, for though when racing in smooth water they give a yacht an advantage, by increasing her water-line length, yet if they extend too far they only do harm instead of good. Having now shown how the form of racing yachts influences that of cruising vessels, we will proceed to

Even should a rater be successful, it can hardly be hoped that she will stop at or near the head of her class for more than three seasons. In this case a good price may be obtained if the yacht is sold as soon as she has established her reputation; but at that period of her existence most owners would be unwilling to part with their craft, and it should, furthermore, be remembered that among the numerous racing yachts that are built very few enjoy conspicuous success. When, however, once raters have become outclassed, or have failed as prize-winners, they have to be sold, in the majority of cases at a great sacrifice, for their construction renders them unsuitable for even comfortable day cruising, while those below 52ft. linear rating possess no internal fittings whatever, nor could these be put in with success, owing to the construction of the hull. On the other hand, building a one-designer is a comparatively cheap affair in most instances, for those who inaugurate these classes usually select a



West and Son,

ROUNDING THE OUTER SPIT BUOY.

Southsea.

discuss the effect of so many one-design boats coming upon the scene. In the first place, the growth of one-design classes, which must tend to oust boats built under Y.R.A. rules, puts a well-defined limit on the inventive genius and the originality of designers. Competition there is little or none, for, instead of having to get out the lines of a boat to beat a rival, the designer has only to please his patrons, and endeavour to produce a compromise that will suit the various tastes of the intending owners. Again, the inventive power of the possessor of a one-design boat is discountenanced, for should he wish to make any alterations to improve the external or even the internal equipment of his yacht, or experiment with the hull or the ballast, he is not allowed to do so unless the other owners in the class agree to make the same changes, so that one shall not have any advantage over another.

We have not to go far to seek the reason for the extraordinary popularity of one-design yacht-racing. In the first place, it is a far cheaper amusement than competing under Y.R.A. rules, for to succeed under the latter it is necessary, when building, to use the very finest material and workmanship obtainable; and when these are employed, boats often turn out a complete failure, and have to be sold for a mere song.

good honest type of boat, which possesses a fair turn of speed, but of not expensive construction. Moreover, as several are generally ordered in the first place, and those that follow are built in exactly the same way, they can be turned out at moderate prices. Again, boats like these can always be sold with but little loss on the original outlay, for they will not become outclassed for many seasons, and, as they possess the fittings of cruising yachts of their size, they appeal to the man who wishes to buy a boat for purposes other than racing. Further, as racers no single one can prove to be a failure, for they are all built as nearly alike as possible. They therefore foster good seamanship and encourage men to race who otherwise would not go to the expense of building for a Y.R.A. class. It is, however, as well to recollect that even when a series of yachts are built to one design there is always some slight difference in their sailing qualities; and he who wishes to come to the front in one-design class racing must be an expert at the tiller, and use every legitimate means in his power, such as the correct trimming of sails, to get as much out of his boat as possible.

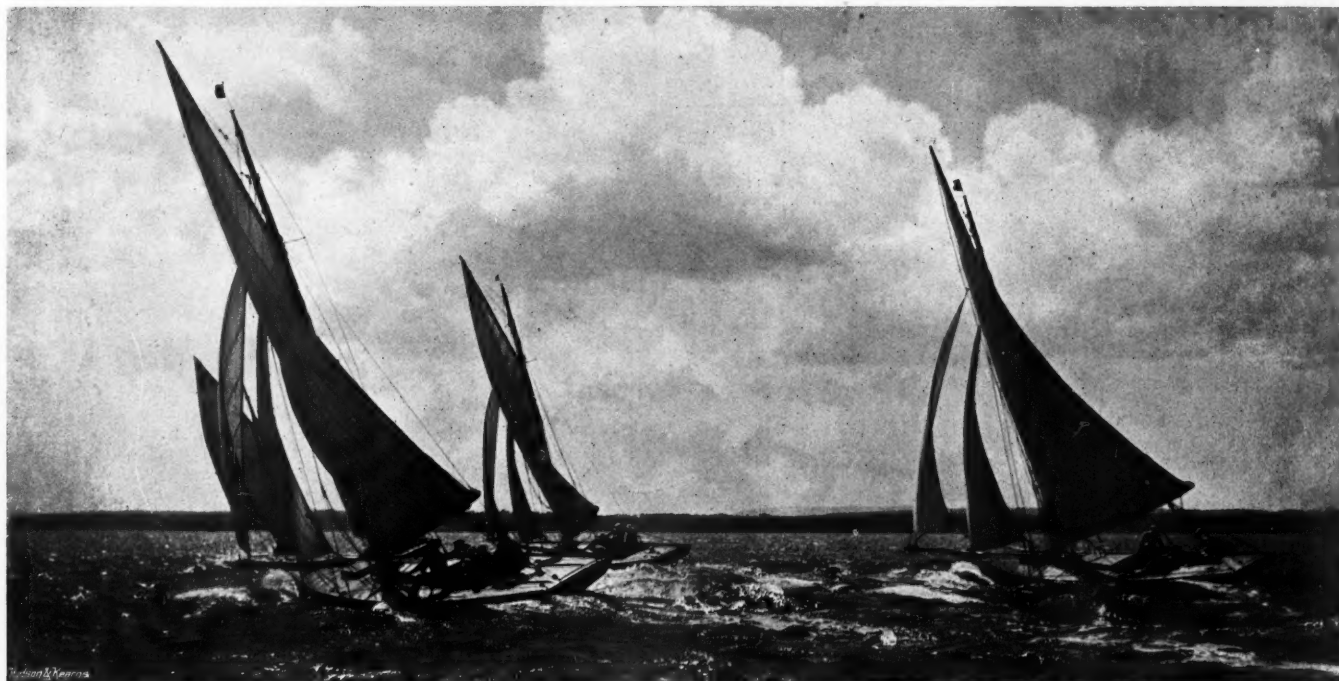
The Solent one-design class is the most successful of its kind that has ever been established, and it now numbers twenty yachts. Each one possesses a nice little cabin and forecabin, and



West and Son,

CRACKING ON.

Southsea.



West and Son,

A BREEZY DAY ON THE SOLENT.

Southsea.

would compare as regards accommodation with cruisers of their size (seven tons yacht measurement). They were all built by Messrs. White Bros., of Itchin Ferry, Southampton, from a design of Mr. H. W. White. The first ten were constructed in 1896, one in 1897, seven in 1898, and this season two others have been added to the fleet, viz., Mr. Ross Hine's Gadfly and Mr. A. Price's Bonita. Neither gentleman is a stranger to the class, for both have at different times owned the one-designer Douska, *née* Minnehaha. The Redwing class is another successful institution of the same description. These boats are considerably smaller than the Solent one-design yachts, and in this case owners are allowed to choose their own rig. The Redwings derive their name from the colour of their sails, and when under way in the neighbourhood of the Isle of Wight, where most of their owners live, they throw off a very pleasing effect. At some yachting centres a species of compromise between a one-design and a measurement class has been arranged, with the result that what is termed a restricted class has been formed. These boats are built under certain rules of dimensions, and the material employed must be of certain sizes. Probably an out-and-out one-design class is best, as there is less scope for friction among the members, for racing of this description is apt to create petty rivalries. It would seem the especial province of one-design boats to cater for those who require yachts of fair size with good accommodation. No one requires a day racing boat with elaborate internal fittings like a cruising canoe. The man, however, who wishes to have a genuine cruising yacht, which he can also use for racing purposes when he wishes, has

little chance at the present time of fulfilling his desires, for handicap racing is mostly unsatisfactory, as the time allowances are exceedingly difficult to proportion evenly. It therefore would not surprise us to see a one-design class, consisting of yachts of from thirty to fifty tons, spring up, and if exactly the same type of vessel was adopted at various yachting centres, excellent sport would result; for an owner might combine cruising and racing as it has never been possible to do before. He could then sail from one headquarters of the fleet to another in a comfortable cruising yacht, and be sure of some good racing when he arrived at his destination. The new Clyde 20's, which we have before mentioned, afford good accommodation for a man fond of cruising as well as racing, for they possess nice cabins and the fittings necessary for a man who lives aboard his own yacht. Of course it is more difficult to establish a one-design class of large yachts than one consisting of small craft, for fewer men are to be found who can afford to build the bigger boats, and then all the owners must be of one mind as regards the type of hull, the rig, and the cabins. Furthermore, most men have fixed ideas of their own as to what a cruising yacht should be, while they would not be so particular in the case of a small racing boat.

To sum up the case of one-design classes in general, it may be said that while they do not encourage the art of yacht designing or fitting, they yet give a healthy stimulus to good seamanship, and encourage to join in the sport men that would not otherwise be able to do so owing to the expense of racing in the Y.R.A. classes.

SEAMEW.



THE BROOMS AT KEW.

THE Brooms are very interesting at the present time in the Royal Gardens, as the majority of them are in full flower, making seas of colour, chiefly yellow, but varying according to the variety. They are planted in groups, the only way to obtain full advantage of their wonderful profusion of flowers; and when one remembers that upon the hottest, driest bank these shrubs will succeed, it is singular that the family is not represented in greater variety in English gardens. Reference has recently been made to the Brooms, but the family is so finely represented at Kew, that those who have an opportunity should make note of the several forms. The White Broom (*Cytisus albus*) is as beautiful as any flowering shrub, its spreading shoots covered in white flowers, and a group upon a dry bank is picturesque and effective. Apart from their adaptability for situations which few other shrubs can endure, the Brooms would be worth consideration. They are free, in a measure graceful, and full of colour for some weeks in the brightest time of the year. Amongst the several forms, the more important were *Cytisus albus* (the white Spanish Broom), *C. biflorus*, *C. purgans*, *C. purpureus*, welcome for its distinct purplish-lilac colour; the common kind, *C. scoparius*, and its quite pendulous form, named *Pendulus*, and the popular *Andreanus*. *C. præcox* is a hybrid Broom, a cross between *C. purgans* and *C. albus*; it is a beautiful shrub, a mass of slender shoots bearing soft sulphur-coloured flowers. A group of this upon the lawn

or in the pleasure ground is a fair picture in late May. It may be planted also upon the rock garden, in the rougher parts, where the soil is dry. Of the hybrid *Andreanus*, there were noble groups; it is scarcely so effective as the pure yellow colours, but the velvety brown is distinct. It would be interesting to know that someone is hybridising the Brooms to obtain new colours. Allied to the *Cytisus* is the *Genista*, and one kind was a mass of yellow recently at Kew, planted in bold beds by itself. Its name is *G. hispanica*, an erect, quite dwarf shrub, if such it may be called, with a cluster of golden-coloured flowers at the apex of each shoot. A large bed of this is as striking as if filled with Marygolds. All the Brooms are happy in poor ground exposed to the full sun.

SOWING WALLFLOWER SEED.

The fragrant Wallflower is seldom sufficiently valued in gardens, but it is an effective flower when grouped, and in this way one should use it, almost filling large beds with the finest varieties for colour. Yellow, brownish-red, and sulphur mixtures are seldom satisfactory in the pleasure grounds, but planted about in the mixed borders, or sown in chinks in old walls, they have a distinct charm. The reason why seed should be sown at once, is to enable the seedlings to be planted in the positions they are to beautify before severe frosts occur. Wallflowers are not very hardy, at least in cold, damp seasons they suffer greatly; hence put out the plants as soon as possible to get them well established before winter. The old Cloth of Gold is a rich colour, the flowers of large size, and the blood-red and Harbinger are effective also, whilst of other kinds there is a wide choice, some dwarfier than others, but the very dwarf varieties are not pleasing; they are bereft of a certain gracefulness conspicuous in the wallflowers of old English gardens. It is a mistake to prepare a rich soil for wallflowers; such ground promotes strong sappy growth, which quickly succumbs to hard frosts. Sow the seed in a bed of ordinary soil, placed in a sunny spot, and when the seedlings are about 2in. high, transplant, and thence transfer them to the positions in which they are to bloom. The double varieties are very early, but less known as a rule than the single kinds. Amongst them are rich effective colours.

THE RARER CALCEOLARIAS.

There are many uncommon species of Calceolaria worth consideration by those who delight in the rarer flowers from other worlds. Generally one sees simply the beautiful hybrid kinds, such as those portrayed in the illustration, but these are well known. It is the shrubby species that one may well call attention to, of which the pure white *C. alba* is as fair as any, a dainty flower carried in clusters upon slender shoots; and as the plant is of quite shrubby growth, a specimen in full bloom is very distinct and charming. A sandy compost is most suitable, that is a mixture of loam and peat, not a heavy staple, whilst cuttings strike readily, or seed may be sown. It is, therefore, reasonable to hope that in time this beautiful flower will be seen in many greenhouses. Besides *C. alba*, other shrubby Calceolarias claim attention, amongst them *C. amplexicaulis*, which at one time was much used in the flower garden for the sake of its free habit and wealth of soft lemon-coloured flowers. One rarely sees this handsome plant now, but it is worth planting well, more so than many of the ordinary bedding Calceolarias, which have an unfortunate habit of disappearing through fungoid attacks. *C. fuchsifolia* is quite tall, frequently growing to a height of 3ft., with leaves so strangely like those of the fuchsia that the distinctive name of *fuchsifolia* was given to it. The flowers are clear yellow, and appear in loose clusters in the winter months, when the plant is taken under cover before frosts occur. *C. violacea* has flowers of a lilac shade and is very distinct, whilst *C. Burbidgei* is a hybrid, with soft yellow flowers, and borne on the tall slender branching stems in winter. These are a few of the rarer Calceolarias that may be grown with success, and they continue many weeks in full beauty.

THE HERBACEOUS OR GREENHOUSE CALCEOLARIA.

Of course all Calceolarias belong to the greenhouse. The name is simply given to distinguish the ordinary hybrid race, such as shown in the illustration, from the species. Florists' Calceolaria is another name for this gay race, in which the flowers are remarkably coloured, some pure selfs, others blotched and spotted with deep hues on a clear ground, as rich and showy as the vivid colours of the Mimulus. At this time seed may be sown, and the strongest plants usually result from the June sowing, but other sowings may be made for succession. The seed of the herbaceous or florists' Calceolaria is very fine, and



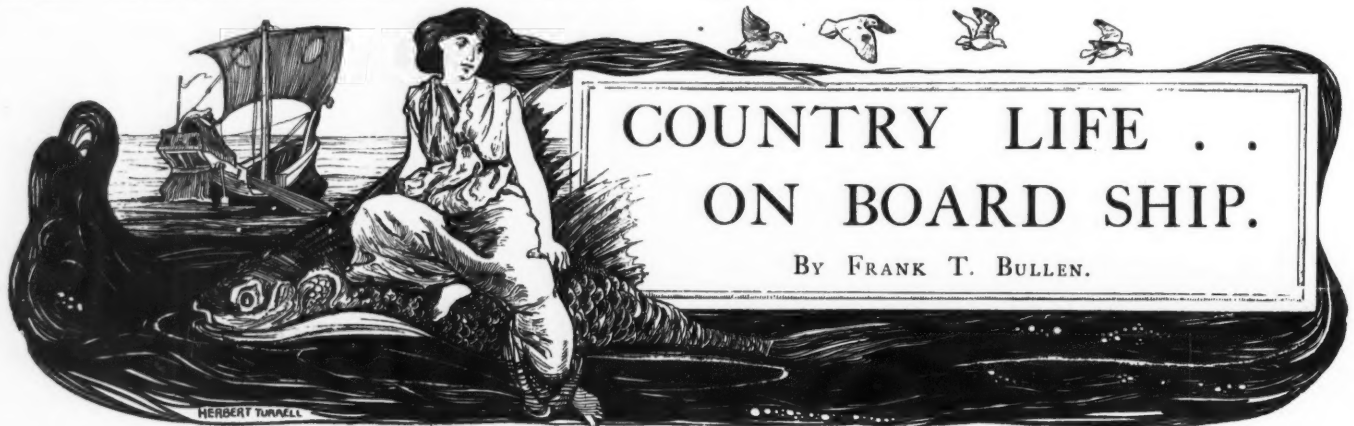
A. Kültick.

A GROUP OF HERBACEOUS CALCEOLARIAS.

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must be sown thinly in pans or pots filled with moist rich soil. It must be moistened before sowing, otherwise when water is applied the seed will be probably washed out. Over the pan put a sheet of glass, and place in a shady part of the greenhouse. When the seedlings are of sufficient size to handle prick them out 2in. apart into pots, then in about a month's time into thumb pots, and then on to the flowering size. In the culture of Calceolarias shade and moisture are essential, and avoid giving much artificial heat, merely enough, indeed, to just keep out frost. A beautiful clear yellow variety is Cloth of Gold. It is one of the finest of all the self-coloured kinds.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We are always pleased to assist our readers in matters concerning the garden. We are also in touch with many first-class gardeners, and shall be happy to recommend one to any who may require the services of a reliable man.



IT has always been a matter of profound thankfulness with me that my evil genius never led me on board a cattle boat. For I do think that to a man who has any feeling for the lower animals these vessels present scenes of suffering enough to turn his brain. And it does not in the least matter what provision is made for the safe conveyance of cattle in such numbers across the ocean. As long as the weather is fairly reasonable, the boxed-up animals have only to endure ten days or so of close confinement, with inability to lie down, and the nausea that attacks animals as well as human beings. The better the ship and the greater care bestowed upon the cattle-fittings the less will be the sufferings of the poor beasts; but the irreducible minimum is soon reached, and that means much more cruelty to animals than any merciful man would like to witness. But when a gale is encountered and the huge steamer wallows heavily in the mountainous irregularities of the Atlantic, flooding herself fore and aft at every roll, and making the cattlemen's task of attending to their miserable charges one surcharged with peril to life or limbs, then the condition of a cattle ship is such as to require the coinage of special adjectives for its description. Of course it will be said that human beings used to be carried across the ocean for sale in much the same way, and men calling themselves humane were not ashamed to grow rich on the receipts from such traffic; but surely that will never be advanced as an excuse for, or a palliative of, the horrors of the live cattle trade. I have passed through an area of sea bestrewn with the bodies of cattle that have been washed overboard in a gale—

hurled out of the pens wherein they have been battered to death—when the return of fine weather has made it possible, and I have wished with all my heart that it could be made an offence against the laws to carry live cattle across the ocean at all.

No, the nearest approach that ever I had to being shipmates with a cargo of live stock was on one never-to-be-forgotten occasion, when, after bringing a 24-ton schooner from a little village up the Bay of Fundy to Antigua in the West Indies, I found myself, as you may say, stranded in St. John, the principal port in that island. The dry rot which seems to have unfortunately overtaken our West Indian possessions was even then very marked in Antigua, for there was no vessel there larger than a 100-ton schooner, and only two or three of them, all Yankees with one exception, a Barbadian craft with the queerest name imaginable, the Migumoo-weesoo. The shipping officer, seeing that I was a certificated mate, very kindly interested himself in me, going so far as to say that if I would take his advice and assistance I would immediately leave St. John in the Migum, as he called her, for that the skipper, being a friend of his, would gladly give me a passage to Barbadoes. I hope good advice was never wasted on me. At any rate this wasn't, for I immediately went down to the beach, jumped into a boat, and ordered the ducky in charge to put me on board the Migum. When we got alongside I was mightily interested to see quite a little mob of horses calmly floating alongside with their heads just sticking out of the water. The first thing that suggested itself to me was that if those horses got on board with

their full complement of legs it would be little less than a miracle, the harbour being notoriously infested with sharks. But presently I reflected that there was really no danger, the darkies who were busy with preparations for the embarkation of the poor beasts kicking up such a deafening row that no shark would have dared venture within a cable's length of the spot. Everybody engaged in the business seemed to be excited beyond measure, shouting, screeching with laughter, and yelling orders at the top of their voices, so that I could not see how anything was going to be done at all. The skipper was confined to his cabin with an attack of dysentery, and lay fretting himself into a fever at the riot going on overhead for want of his supervision. As soon as I introduced myself he begged me to go and take charge, but, although I humoured him to the extent of seeming to comply with his request, I knew enough of the insubordinate 'Badian darkies to make me very careful how I interfered with them. But going forward, I found to my delight that they had made a start at last, and that two of the trembling horses were already on deck. Four or five darkies were in the water alongside, diving beneath the horses with slings which were very carefully placed round their bodies, then hooked to a tackle, by means of which they were hoisted on board, so subdued by fear that they suffered themselves to be pushed and hauled about the decks with the quiet submissiveness of sheep. There were twenty of them altogether, and when they had all been landed on deck there was not very much room left for working the schooner. However, as our passage lay through the heart of the trade winds, and nothing was less probable than bad weather, nobody minded that, not even when the remaining deck space was lumbered up with some very queer-looking forage.

As soon as the horses were on board we weighed, and stood out of harbour with a gentle, leading wind that, freshening as we got farther off the land, coaxed the smart craft along at a fairly good rate. This lasted until midnight, when, to the darkies' dismay, the wind suddenly failed us, leaving us lazily rocking to the gently-gliding swell upon the wine-dark bosom of the glassy sea. Overhead, the sky being moonless, was hardly distinguishable from the sea, and as every brilliant star was faithfully duplicated beneath, it needed no great stretch of imagination to fancy that we were suspended in the centre of a vast globe utterly cut off from the rest of the world. But the poor skipper, enfeebled by his sad ailment and anxious about his freight, had no transcendental fancies. Vainly I tried to comfort him with the assurance that we should certainly find a breeze at daybreak, and it would as certainly be fair for us. He refused consolation, insisting that we were in for a long spell of calm, and against his long experience of those waters I felt I could not argue. So I ceased my efforts and went on deck to enjoy the solemn beauty of the night once more, and listen to the quaint gabble of the three darkies forming the watch on deck.

Sure enough the skipper was right. Calms and baffling airs, persisting for three days, kept us almost motionless until every morsel of horse provender was eaten, and—what was still more serious—very little water was left. All of us wore long faces now, and the first return of steady wind was hailed by us with extravagant delight. Continuing on our original course was out of the question under the circumstances, so we headed directly for the nearest port, which happened to be Prince Rupert, in the beautiful island of Dominica. A few hours' sail brought us into the picturesque harbour, with its ruined fortresses, once grimly guarding the entrance, now overgrown with dense tropical vegetation, huge trees growing out of yawning gaps in the masonry, and cable-like vines enwreathing the crumbling walls. Within the harbour there was a profound silence; the lake-like expanse was unburdened by a single vessel, and although the roofs of a few scattered houses could be seen embosomed among the verdure, there was no other sign of human occupation. We lowered the little boat hanging astern and hastened ashore. Hurrying toward the houses, we found ourselves in a wide street, which from lack of traffic was all overgrown with weeds. Here we found a few listless negroes, none of whom could speak a word of English, a barbarous French patois being their only medium of communication. But by signs we made them comprehend our needs—fodder for the horses, and water. After some little palaver we found that for a few shillings we might go into the nearest thicket of neglected sugar-cane and cut down as many of the feathery blades that crowned the canes as we wanted, but none of those sleepy-looking darkies volunteered their assistance—they seemed to be utterly independent of work. Our energy amazed them, and I don't think I ever saw such utter contempt as was expressed by our lively crew—true 'Badians born—towards those lotus-eating Dominicans. We had a heavy morning's work before us, but by dint of vigorous pushing we managed to collect a couple of boatloads of cane-tops, carry them on board, and return for two casks of water which we had left one of our number ashore to fill. Some deliberate fishermen were hauling a seine as we were about to depart, and we lingered awhile until they had finished their unusual industry, being rewarded by about a bushel of "bill-fish," a sort of garfish, but with the beak an extension of the lower jaw instead of the upper.

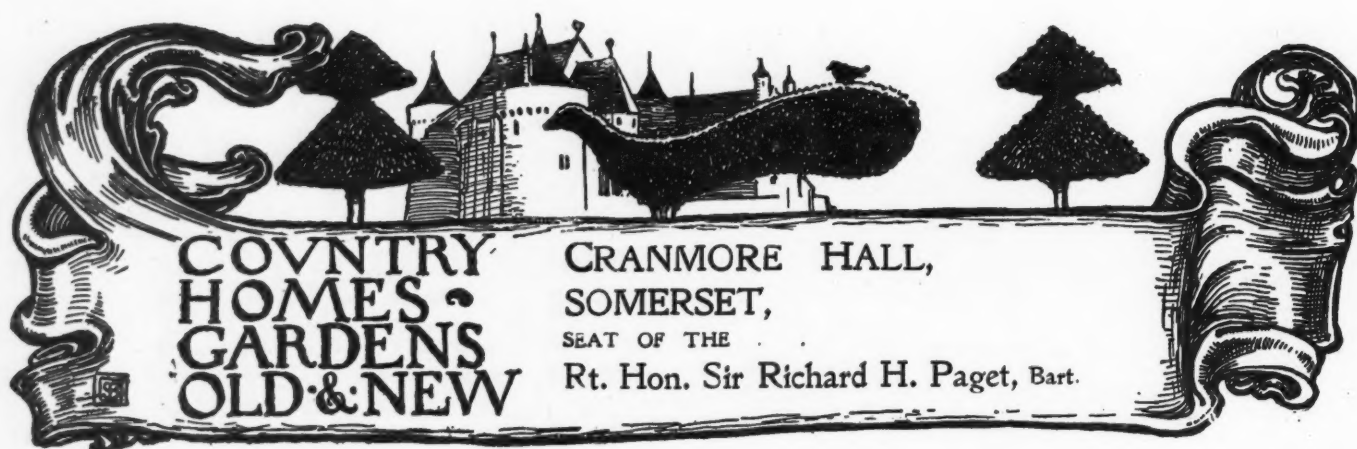
I offered to buy a few of the fish, but the fishermen seemed mightily careless whether they sold any or not. After much expenditure of energy in sign language, I managed to purchase three dozen (about the size of herrings) for the equivalent of twopence, and, very well satisfied, pushed off for the schooner, leaving the fishermen standing on the beach contemplating their newly-acquired wealth, as if quite unable to decide what to do with it.

It was worth all the labour we had expended to see the delight with which those patient horses munched up the juicy green tops of the cane, and drank, plunging their muzzles deep into the buckets, of the clear water we had brought. And I felt quite pleased when, upon our arrival in Barbadoes next day, I watched the twenty of them walk sedately up a broad gangway of planks on to the wharf, and indulge in a playful prance and shake when they found their hoofs firmly planted upon the unrocking earth once more.

I hope I shall not be suspected of drawing a *longue beau* when I say that I was once in a big ship whose skipper was an ardent agriculturist. On my first visit to the poop I saw with much surprise a couple of cucumber frames lashed in secure positions, one on either side of the rail at the break of the poop. When I fancied myself unobserved, I lifted the top of one, and looked within, seeing that they contained a full allowance of rich black mould. And presently, peeping down the saloon skylight, I saw that carefully arranged along its sides, on brackets, were many large pots of flowering plants, all in first-rate condition and bloom. It was quite a novel experience for me, but withal a most pleasant one, for although it did appear somewhat strange and incongruous to find plant-life flourishing upon the sea, it gave more of a familiar domestic atmosphere to 'boardship life than anything I have ever known; much the same feeling that strikes one when looking upon the round sterns of the Dutch galliots, with their square windows embellished by snowy beribboned muslin curtains. When we got to sea, and well clear of the land, so that the skipper's undivided attention could be given to his beloved hobby, there were great developments of it. For not content with growing lettuces, radishes, endive, and such "garden-sass," as the Yankees term it, in his cucumber frames, he enlarged his borders and tried experiments in raising all sorts of queer seeds of tropical fruits and vegetables. His garden took up so much room on the poop that the officers fretted a good deal at the circumscribed area of their domain, besides being considerably annoyed at having to cover up the frames, boxes, etc., when bad weather caused salt spray to break over them. But this was ungrateful of them, because there never was a skipper who interfered less with his officers, or a more peaceable, good-natured man. Nor was the frequent mess of salad that graced the table in the saloon to be despised. In that humid atmosphere and equable temperature everything grew apace; so that for a couple of months at a time green crisp leaves were scarcely absent from the table for a day. Mustard and cress were, of course, his main crop, but lettuce, radishes, and spring onions did remarkably well. That was on the utilitarian side. On the experimental side he raised date-palms, coco-palms, banana-palms, mango trees, and orange trees, dwarfing them after a fashion he had learned in China, so that in the saloon he had quite a conservatory. But there were many others of which none of us knew the names. And all around in the skylight, beneath the brackets whereon the pots of geranium, fuchsia, etc., stood, hung orchids collected by the skipper on previous voyages, and most carefully tended, so that some lovely spikes of bloom were always to be seen. That saloon was a perfect bower of beauty, and although the ship herself was somewhat dwarfed by comparison with the magnificent clippers we foregathered with in Calcutta, few vessels had so many visitors. Her fame spread far, and nearly every day the delighted skipper would be busy showing a string of wondering shorefolk over his pleasure.

We went thence to Hong Kong, and there, as if in emulation of the "old man's" hobby for flowers, all hands went in for birds, mostly canaries, which can be obtained in China more cheaply, I believe, than in any part of the world. Sampan, loaded with cages so that nothing can be seen of the hull, and making the whole harbour melodious with the singing of their pretty freight, are always in evidence. For the equivalent of 3s., if the purchaser be smart of eye, he can always buy a fine cock canary in full song, although the wily Chinese never fails to attempt the substitution of a hen, no matter what price is paid. There arose a perfect mania on board of us for canaries, and when we departed for New Zealand there were at least 400 of the songsters on board. Truly for us the time of singing of birds had come. All day long that chorus went on, almost deafeningly, until we got used to it, for of course if one piped up after a short spell of quiet all hands joined in at the full pitch of their wonderful little lungs; so that, what with birds and flowers and good feeling, life on board the Lady Clare was as nearly idyllic as any seafaring I have ever heard of.

(To be continued.)



OUR survey of the country homes of England takes us once more into the pleasant county of Somerset, famous for many great abodes, and to the neighbourhood of the Mendip Hills. Here, most pleasantly situated, is Cranmore Hall, a few miles east of the quiet old town of Shepton Mallet, with Longleat Park on the other hand. It is a fine, and in some ways ornate, mansion of Jacobean aspect, much of it dating from about thirty years ago, though the location is very old. The general character of the house is striking and effective, and the

long and handsome arcades form a very unusual and picturesque feature. They seem somehow to give the impression of summer, with their temptation to live out of doors, with a summer garden as the picture they command. Here we are in the midst of a pastoral valley, on the slopes of the Mendips, and the little rivulet known as the Cran, from which the place takes its name, flows at the foot of the lawn. It is indeed a pleasant meeting of garden and stream, where the sward is greener, and where many opportunities for water-gardening are to be found.

The entrance front of Cranmore Hall faces the open park, with its broad grassy sweep, and across a charming vista of wood and meadow is seen the distant tower of the old church at West Cranmore. It is a very noble and spacious outlook. To the south of the carriage drive the wooded park rises abruptly to an eminence, upon which stands a summer-house fashioned after the style of a Grecian temple. The situation is very fine, and commands a splendid view of the hall, the winding valley, and the wooded heights, with a further prospect down the stream, ending in an elevated pine-clad knoll, near which is the site of a Roman camp. Much of the charm of this prospect is due to the planting operations carried out about twenty-five years ago under the advice of that well-known landscape gardener, the late Mr. E. Kemp. Many alterations were made at the time, and interesting trees and shrubs were planted, with the result that their colour and richness now add a great deal to the beauty of Cranmore, and each year must reveal more fully the idea of the planter, and the beauty of the landscape will grow more beautiful still.

The south front of Cranmore Hall is particularly rich and beautiful. Here, before the fine arcaded structure, lies a noble garden, with turf and geometrical flower-beds, beyond which a path, with low terrace wall, runs the whole length of the front to a summer-house at the west end. Noble cedars of Lebanon extend their dark horizontal arms and cast their solemn shade below, adding much to the beauty of the terrace walk and the garden on this side. Such a terrace wall as this is a good setting for a border of hardy flowers, which from early spring to late autumn will make the place



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THE SUMMER-HOUSE.

'COUNTRY LIFE.'



"COUNTRY LIFE."

GARDENS OLD AND NEW.—CRANMORE HALL THE GARDENS FROM THE ARCADE.

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THE HOUSE FROM THE EAST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

gay with colour and sweet with perfume. The southern aspect permits such flowers to be brought close to the house, where they play a great part in the charm of the garden. Upon the terrace tulips open their flaming flowers in the warm sun, sweet lavender bushes encroach even on the pathway, and big pæonies hang their heads in the fulness of June. In short, not to dwell upon beauties that can better be imagined than described, it may be said that the garden of Cranmore Hall is here radiant with colour and ravishing with fragrance. It is pleasant to look from it at the imposing home and along the arcade to the well-furnished orangery and conservatory.

A very interesting portion of the pleasure grounds is the upper part devoted to fruit and flowers, which has a quaint and old-world aspect. Here, by the glass-houses, are the evidences of the older Cranmore, in a two-storied cruciform building, known

as the Cross House, carrying us back to the days when this was a possession of the great Abbey of Glastonbury, which lies some twelve miles away. The mitred abbots of Glastonbury were great men in their day in all the West Country, and even now the horror of the judicial murder of the last of them casts a shadow upon the land. Thinking of this, we recall, in this old garden at Cranmore, the days when the monks of Glastonbury, living at their house on the Mendip slopes, tended their gardens and tilled their fruitful fields. The whole place is quaint and well maintained.

From this part of the house the grounds extend westward through a rookery of lofty elms and limes. In this direction the grounds are full of charm, and many fine trees arrest the attention—pines, cedars, beeches, and others. A curved sidewalk leads hence to the church of St. James, the parish church of East

Cranmore, a structure erected in 1846 on the site of an ancient edifice, and embodying some Norman and other early features.

From the church a shrubbery path leads for some distance northward. As we pass along it we are impressed by three splendid specimens of the Spanish chestnut, with gnarled trunks and twisted arms, which testify to their great antiquity. They stand in a row, and appear to be the relics of a great avenue. Then we come upon three majestic silver firs towering high among their fellows. But the park and the valley are full of beautiful sylvan features, and have the well-kept aspect that befits a stately country home. In one place, for example, there is a noble group of aged walnut trees, picturesque in growth and fine in silvery colour, which bear a prolific crop each year.

Those who wish to know what this country about Cranmore is, should, before leaving the place, ascend to the tower

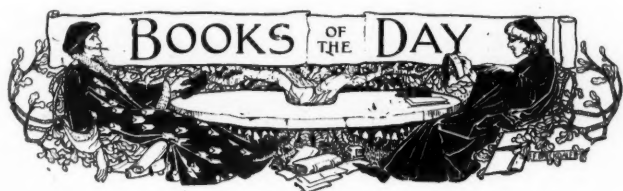


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FROM THE WEST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

on the top of one of the Mendips, 900ft. above the sea and about a mile north-west of the house. It was erected by the late Mr. J. M. Paget, father of the present possessor, in 1862, and has two galleries, from which there is a magnificent outlook over the land. It is itself a conspicuous object from all the country-side.



THERE may perhaps be some question, from the purely Etonian point of view, which is the most familiar of Etonian family names. But I imagine that the issue would lie between the Lubbocks and the Lytteltons. There was a time when the brothers of these two great cricketing families appeared to flow through the school in a perennial stream, to the no small discomfiture of the elevens of the two other schools which had to encounter Eton at Lord's or at Eton or at Winchester, as the case may be. In "Memories of Eton and Etonians" (John Murray) Mr. Alfred Lubbock actually mentions that at one time he had a brother in the school who, to distinguish him from others, had to be called Quintus. The book is one to which all old Etonians, and a great many men who never were at Eton, will betake themselves eagerly. To grace of style Mr. Lubbock makes no sort of pretension. There is not a trace of tall writing from beginning to end of the book. But it is an interesting volume notwithstanding. Mr. Lubbock was at Eton from 1854 to 1863—a prodigiously long time from the modern point of view. He entered at Hawtrey's when he was of about the same age as the little boys of whom fond mothers are now thinking that, in a year or two, it will be necessary to send them to a preparatory school. It is plain, from his book, that Mr. Lubbock loved his life at Eton heartily and healthily from the day when John Hawtrey named him at the age of eight, or thereabouts, to the day when he left, having been captain of cricket, and having secured as fine a reputation for cricket as the heart of man could desire. Ten long years of school did him no harm in the world, but rather turned him out a very typical, hearty, manly Englishman of his kind. At the same time it is not every boy who has the constitution and the character to stand this sort of treatment, and it is perhaps a good thing that boys do not go to Eton now at quite such a tender age as heretofore. What do we find in this book? Firstly, an unaffected, but none the less vivid, picture of Etonian life over a long period—a picture drawn by a man of high spirits and muscular tastes; secondly, great store of old Etonian anecdotes, some of

which, as is but natural, are familiar friends. But Old Etonians never grow weary of yarns celebrating John Hawtrey and "Old Jimmy Joynes" and "Parva Dies." Indeed, they tell these stories so often and so well that at Oxford and at Cambridge, and in the Army, men who never were at Eton, except as visitors, acquire in course of time a feeling of familiar acquaintance with these worthies. Celebrities of another kind flit across the scene—Lord Rosebery (then Lord Dalmeny), Lord Kinnaid, most energetic football players, Lord Lorne, Lord Falmouth, Lord Jersey, Sir Hubert Parry. And the easy-going diary is carried on into later life also. Roughly speaking, this book may be described as the casual notes of a hearty Englishman who loves Eton, and loves cricket, and loves both better than anything else in the world. It makes good reading, and it is full of pleasant memories. One curious little event is worth mentioning. In the Eton and Winchester match of 1863, "A. Lubbock, E.q." made 174 not out. "For this match, first and last, I was presented with forty bats." Is it possible to conceive anything more absolutely English? In a concluding chapter Mr. Lubbock turns out to be something of a radical at cricket. He would make the stumps broader and higher; he would extend the lbw. rule. In fact, he would do all that is possible to make the game faster than it is at present. As a mere spectator I am almost disposed to venture to agree with him. Play such as that of the Australians on the first day of the test match is not exhilarating. Cricket is the finest game in the world, but when it becomes difficult to finish any match in three days, it almost looks as if a change were necessary. If that change takes the form of discouraging the use of the legs in stopping the ball, so much the better.

"From Howard to Nelson" is the title chosen by Professor Knox Laughton for a series of interesting, spirited, and trustworthy essays on twelve great admirals, of which he is the editor, the publishers being Messrs. Lawrence and Bullen. He is to be congratulated upon the writers whom he has been able to enlist in his service, and also upon his own lively and historical paper on Howard. Of his coadjutors it may almost be said that they are "admirals all." The single exception is Captain Montagu Burrows, R.N., who deals with Blake. The others are Vice-Admiral Sir F. Bedford, Rear-Admiral Penrose Fitzgerald, Vice-Admiral Markham, Admirals Sir Edmund Fremantle and Sir R. Vesey Hamilton, Rear-Admiral Sturges Jackson, and Vice-Admiral Philip H. Colomb. These names are for the most part guarantees of lucid style and, one and all, of trustworthy naval science. The civilian amateur is not given a chance; and that is no bad thing, for these old sea-dogs certainly know their own grand business best. In such a case it is wise to make no attempt at criticism. But it is right to record that, after reading the book, an ordinary Englishman feels invigorated, and prouder than ever of his country.

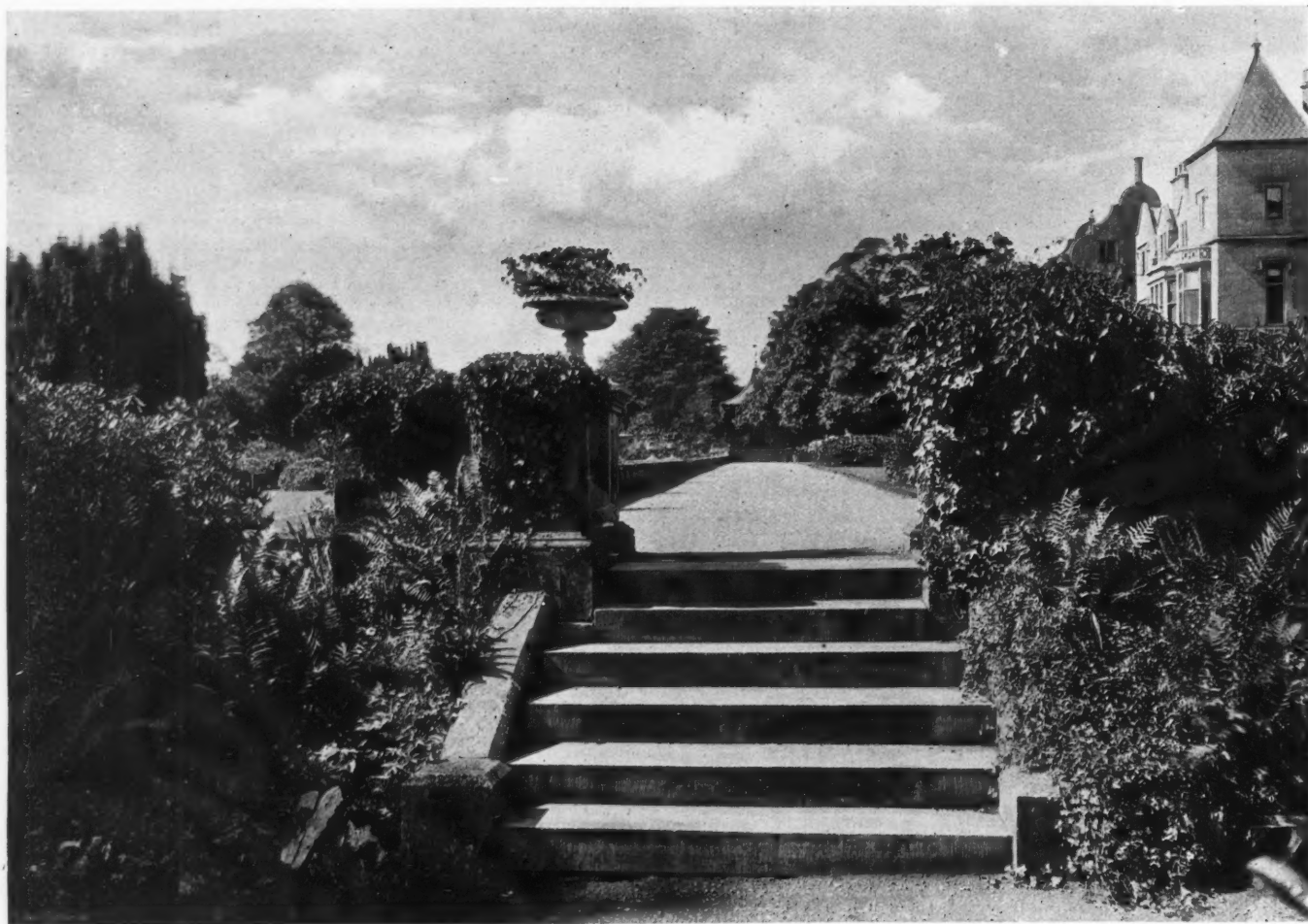
"Sport in East Central Africa," by F. V. Kirby (Rowland Ward), is a straightforward narrative of elephant, rhinoceros, and other big game shooting—is, indeed, to a large extent a hunting diary. Its merits consist partly in the fact that there is an immense amount of it, and partly in its sincerity. There are 340 pages, all very closely printed, and the incidents are kept well separated in the various chapters, so that there is not the slightest necessity for reading continuously. It is the kind of book which may be recommended with confidence to him who, being fond of big game shooting or of reading about it,



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CRANMORE HALL: THE ARCADE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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CRANMORE HALL: THE TERRACE.

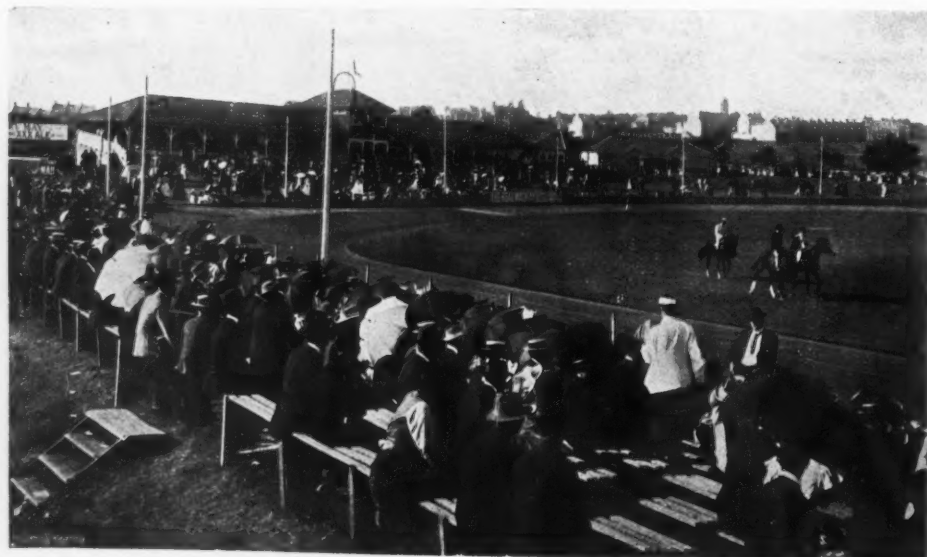
"COUNTRY LIFE."

wishes to take on a yachting cruise, or on some similarly leisurely errand, a book which will last him for a long time. The various episodes are narrated with spirit, and the careful attention devoted to big game when charging—a feature for which the author offers a quite needless apology—is likely to be very useful to other sportsmen. An appendix contains some valuable field notes on the various animals which Mr. Kirby, whose native name is Maquaqamba, has encountered. No doubt Mr. Kirby is responsible for the death of whole hecatombs of animals, and he seems, from a tilt which he runs in his preface against his critics, to have been roughly handled in the Press. One can never help a certain amount of pity for these great beasts in their suffering, but Mr. Kirby's field notes have at least the merit of showing that he pursues his hobby with intelligence.

"Frivolities, For Those Who are Tired of Being Serious" (Bowden) is the work of Mr. Richard Marsh, and Mr. Richard Marsh is a professional humourist. It is sheer nonsense from beginning to end, and it is not without a feeling akin to shame that I confess that it has amused me. "Here is the Peace Conference

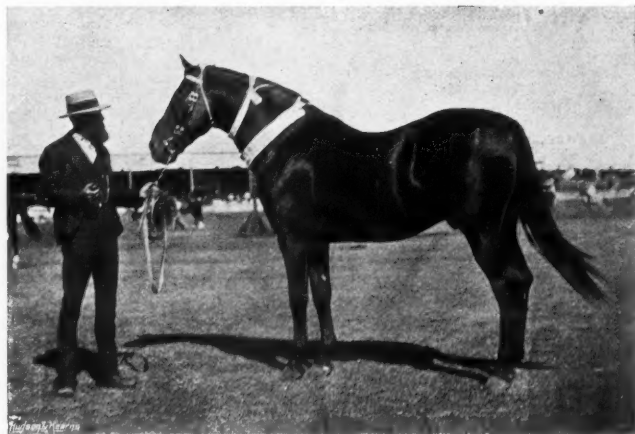
sitting, there is a French sensation every day, and Parliament is discussing all sorts of things, and you sit in an arm-chair and smoke, and waste a sunny morning in June reading stories which are absolutely silly and profitless." That is what *Conscience* says; but it is precisely what Mr. Marsh wants it to say. His stories are silly, they call for no mental effort; one is not a particle the better or the worse for reading them. But they pass the time, and they do not excite the mind, and they are really funny. They are also vivid, and they summon up a scene before the mental eye. The two which prompt this observation deal with the most ridiculous scenes. The first is a story of the various callers who pestered a man who, having found a purse, advertised it with his address. The second is concerned with the deliberations of a jury, and is distinctly funny. I have often regretted that the accident of having been called to the Bar has debarred me from the privilege of trying my fellow-creatures. The conversation of the good men and true before they return a verdict against the weight of the evidence must often be amusing. In this case, at any rate, Mr. Marsh makes them very amusing and very human.

GREAT SHOW IN SYDNEY.



GRAND STAND AND OUTER RING.

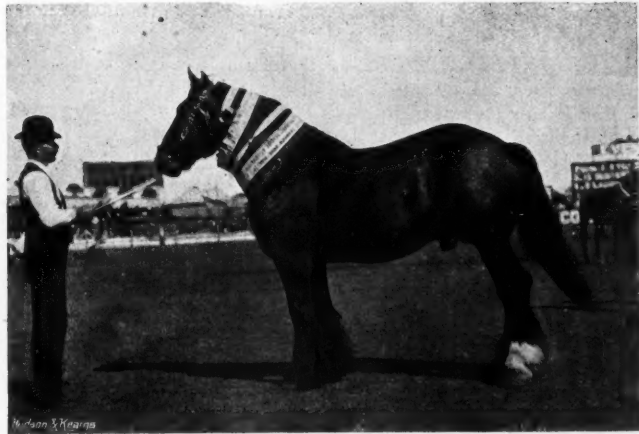
FROM a correspondent in New South Wales we receive an account of a recent show, and of the progress of a great society, which is full of practical interest. He writes: "From so remote a city of the Empire as Sydney, some of the features of the annual show of the Royal Agricultural Society, recently concluded, will probably come as a surprise to your readers on your side of the world. The weather, though favourable on the whole, militated considerably against a large attendance on Easter Monday and Tuesday; nevertheless, quite 200,000 people visited the show during the carnival, and the society's receipts total up to £9,000, the gates alone accounting for more than half this sum, the balance being made up by subscriptions, donations, sale of booths, entries, and space allotments. Altogether the council of the society, backed up by Mr. F. Webster, the secretary, has great cause for congratulation, as the year 1899 has quite eclipsed all former



COACHING—PHILIP CHARLEY'S FREEDOM.

records. The history of this society, the first of its kind in Australasia, if not the first south of the Equator, dates back to 1822, when it was inaugurated by the leading men of the day, who to the number of forty or fifty came down handsomely in those early years with donations of £100 and £50 each, likewise subscribing annually, and devoting large amounts to the importation of blood and draught sires and mares, short-horns, and other useful breeds of horses and cattle. A small flock of pure Merino sheep was also imported from the Cape about the same year, forming the nucleus of the immense flocks now depasturing on this continent. The society then formed, under the patronage of Sir Thomas Brisbane, the Governor-General of the colony, made considerable strides, until a few years later the country was visited for several years by severe droughts, which so disastrously affected the pastoral and agricultural life of the colony, that the fire which inspired the projectors of this promising society languished and nearly flickered out. In the early seventies, however, a great revival took place, and some most successful shows were held by the society at Prince Alfred Park, which is almost in the centre of the city. About this time pedigree cattle were fetching the highest prices ever reached in the colonies.

"In the year 1880 a portion of the Sydney Common at



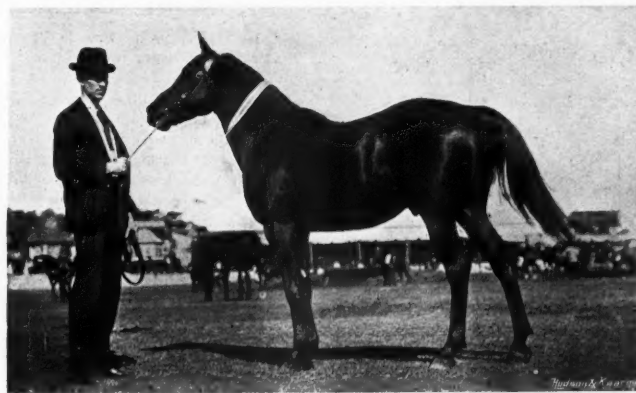
HEAVY DRAUGHT—LORD LYON.

Moore Park was leased by the Corporation of Sydney to the society, the land which the society now occupies at that time being no better than a scrub-covered sand waste and morass. Looking at the magnificent grounds, with their parade rings, pavilions, and stands, it is difficult to believe it has all been achieved in such a few years by a society of under 1,000 members, whose annual subscription is only one guinea, the

improvements on the ground to-day being valued at £75,000, while the society's total debt does not reach £3,000. The accompanying illustrations give an idea of the various buildings, the crowd of spectators, and interesting features of this colossal show.

"The people of the Mother Country must be proud to know that it is their vigorous offspring who have so well followed their parents' footsteps and are to-day stimulating their progeny to conquer, by the arts of husbandry and stock raising, the great waste lands of this continent; while those who claim Australia as their own must be grateful to feel that at Easter they can

visit Sydney and see the best 600 or 700 horses and the finest 300 or 400 head of cattle in Australasia. The different parades of these splendid beasts, ranging from the blood stallion who carries in his veins the most aristocratic blood in the world to the miniature pony, and from Durham's lordly strain to the beautiful Jersey cow, evoked the greatest enthusiasm from a



ARAB CHIEF.



HORSE PARADE.

thoroughly pastoral and farming audience. In spite of the terribly dry and severe season, the exhibits of farm and dairy produce, although somewhat smaller than have been collected in former years, made up in quality their lack of quantity.

"The butter and honey industries, which form such important factors in this colony's export trade, were a very fine exhibition, while the farm produce trophies competing for Messrs. Griffiths Brothers' prize of £35, and the fruits, vegetables, roots, etc., shown by the Government agricultural colleges, have never before been equalled. As a metropolitan show, it is universally acknowledged to have been in all respects a most unqualified success, and the six days during which it ran were all too short a time to thoroughly exploit it. The dogs and poultry would alone take at least half that time to do justice to the 400 exhibits in the former, and the 600 in the feathered tribe. That this society deserves the patronage of the community at large is amply recognised by the farming, pastoral, and mercantile classes, but it seems strange that out of such a large and wealthy population as the city of Sydney contains, its membership roll should not have reached much larger proportions. The opening ceremony which followed the usual banquet was performed by His Excellency Sir F. M. Darley, K.C.M.G., the Lieutenant-Governor of New South Wales, and the local papers have ably

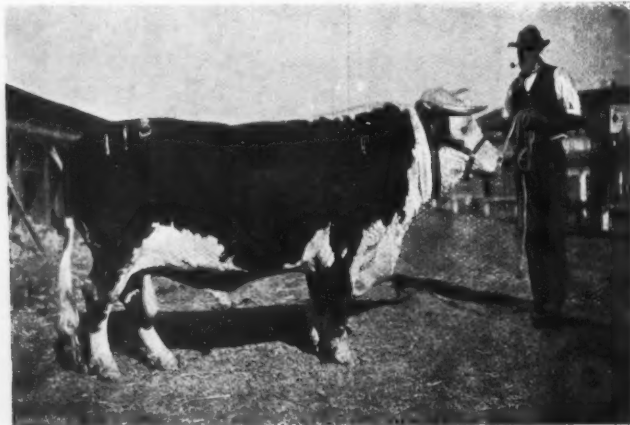


DEVON BULL—RONOMAN.

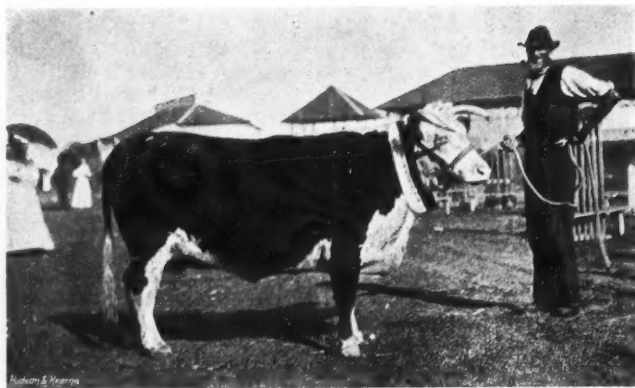
depicted this, giving also groups including Mr. John See, the president, Mr. Webster, the secretary, and many members of the council. The hunting contests, which are an ever-continuing source of attraction, were witnessed by enormous crowds each afternoon, the lady riders coming in for round after round of applause as they cleared the 5ft. 9in. mark in succession. A wood-chopping contest, which was introduced last year for the first time, formed a most exciting wind-up to the present show, the winner turning up in Mr. Macinolto, a native of Tasmania, who defeated the famous Heckenberg brothers, who have hitherto carried all before them, the winner going through an 18in. diameter log in the final in 2min. 12³/₄sec.

"In consequence of the wet, and the slippery state of the take-off, Mr. Attwell's Exchange and Mr. Morton's Pippo only succeeded in reaching 5ft. 9in. This has been beaten by Fairfield in past years by 3in."

Our correspondent adds a tabular statement showing the wonderful progress made by the society since its foundation in 1881. In that year the gate-money received was £696, and the prizes were of the value of £140. This year the gate receipts were £4,840, and the prize-money £1,908. The greater part of this astonishing advance has been made since the secretary, Mr. F. Webster, was appointed in 1884.



HEREFORD BULL—LIONEL.



HEREFORD COW—LIONESS XXVI.

The excellent photographs which we reproduce are the work of Kerry and Co., and they ought all to be interesting in this country. In particular we would note the horned cattle, of which no breeder in this country need be ashamed. We would add a word of thanks to our correspondent, for there is both practical and sentimental interest in letters from England over-sea.

Notes from a Naturalist's Diary.

THERE is nothing more wonderful in Nature than the power of flight possessed by birds, and no subject which yields more startling facts upon investigation. "The way of an eagle in the air" is one of those things of which Solomon expressed himself ignorant; and there is something truly marvellous in the mechanism which controls the scythe-like sweep of wings peculiar to most birds of prey. The power of flight being almost exclusively the characteristic attribute of birds, it is somewhat strange that even the most eminent naturalists should be silent upon it. And yet this is almost universally so. Those who mention it do so upon the most insufficient evidence, as witness Michelet's statement that the swallow flies at the rate of eighty leagues an hour. Roughly this gives us 1,000 miles in four hours; but assuredly, even in its dashes, the swallow does not attain to anything like this speed. The Duke of Argyll is rather under than over the mark when he computes the speed at more than 100 miles an hour. Here, however, the mechanism of flight in the swallow is carried through an ascending scale, until in the swift it reaches its highest degree of power, both in endurance and facility of evolution. Although there are birds which may, and probably do, attain to the speed of 150 miles an hour, this remarkable rate is not to be looked for in any of the birds of the swallow kind. There is something fascinating in the idea of eliminating time and space, and with this attribute popular fancy has in some measure clothed the swallows; and at the greater rate of speed indicated above, the swallow might, as has been stated, breakfast round the Barbican and take its midday siesta in Algiers. This, however, is a popular myth. In their migrations swallows stick close to land, and never leave it unless compelled; they cross straits at the narrowest part, and are among the most fatiguable of birds. From this it will be seen that, although swallows may possess great speed, they have no great powers of sustained flight or endurance. These attributes belong, in the most marked degree, to several ocean birds.

Anyone who has crossed the Atlantic must have noticed that gulls accompany the ship over the whole distance, or at least are never absent throughout the voyage. The snowy "sea-swallows," as the terns are called, seem quite tireless on the wing, though the petrels and albatross alone deserve the name of oceanic birds. No sea deserts seem to bound the range of the petrels, and they are found at every distance from land. Different species inhabit every ocean—from the Fu'mar in the far North to the giant petrel, which extends its flight to the ice-banks of the South. Here the Antarctic and snowy petrels appear, often floating upon the drift ice and never leaving these dreary seas. Another bird of immense wing-power is the tiny stormy petrel, the smallest web-footed bird known. It belongs to every sea, and although so seemingly frail, it breasts the utmost fury of the storm, skimming with incredible velocity the trough of the waves, and gliding rapidly over their snowy crests. Petrels have been observed 2,000 miles from the nearest land, whilst at half that distance Sir James Ross once saw a couple of penguins quietly paddling in the sea. A pair of the rudimentary wings of this bird are lying before me as I write. These are simply featherless paddles, but by their aid so rapidly does the bird swim that it almost defies many of the fishes to equal it. The enormous appetite of the giant penguin (which weighs about 80lb.) may have something to do with its restricted powers of flight; and in the stomach of one of these Ross found 10lb. of quartz, granite, and trap fragments, swallowed most likely to promote digestion.

But surely the lord of the winged race is the bird which does not rest, and this may almost be said of the man-of-war or frigate-bird. He is a navigator who never reaches his bourne, and from his almost ceaseless flight it would seem as though earth and sea were equally prohibited to him. To a bird with such immense and superior wing apparatus, the metaphor, "he sleeps upon the storm," almost becomes literal. This black, solitary bird is nearly nothing more than wings, his prodigious pinions measuring 15ft., even surpassing those of the condor of the Andes. Although sometimes seen 400 leagues from land, the frigate bird is said to return every night to its solitary roost. But these birds and the wandering albatross are sea and ocean species, and, with rare exceptions, are able to rest upon the waters.

The dipper! As to just what part this pretty white-breasted thrush plays in the economy of Nature naturalists are by no means agreed. The water-ouzel is essentially a bird of the running brook and its waterfalls, and wherever these abound there the dipper will be found. His most frequent stand is upon some mossy stone in the river reach, and here his crescent form may oftenest be

seen. He haunts the brightly-running streams in winter as in summer, and when these are transformed into roaring torrents he seems to love them best.

Let us watch him a while. He dashes through the spray and into the white foam, performing his morning ablutions. Then he emerges to perch on his stone, always jerking his body about, and dipping, dipping, ever dipping. Presently he melts into the water like a bubble, but immediately emerges to regain his seat. Then he trills out a loud wren-like song, but, breaking off short, again disappears. We are standing on an old stone bridge, and are enabled to observe him closely. By a rapid vibratory motion of his wings he drives himself down through the water, and by the aid of his wide-spreading though unwebbed feet he clings to and walks among the pebbles. These he rapidly turns over with his bill, searching for the larvæ of water-flies and gauzy-winged ephemera. He searches the brook carefully downwards, sometimes clean immersed, at other times with his back out, and then with the water barely covering his feet. He does not always work with the stream, for we have frequently seen him struggling against it, but even now retaining his position upon the bottom. Even at the present day there are naturalists who, from the examination of cabinet specimens, aver that it is not in the power of the bird to walk at the bottom of a brook; but then they know nothing of him alone his native streams. There are few things of the water-ways that are not the enemies of trout during some period of their life history. But total exemption from blame is now generally admitted to the ouzel.

The other day we had occasion to walk over miles and miles of trout streams. In all of these fish of every size were upon the gravel beds, which constitute the spawning "redds." Almost at every turn the white chemisette of the brook bird glinted from some grey stone, and went piping before us up stream. As many of these were actually rummaging among the pebbles of the "redds," some few were shot for examination. Although the post-mortems of these were carefully conducted by competent naturalists, no trace in any single case of the presence of the ova of either trout or salmon could be found, but only larvæ in every stage of water-haunting insects—roughly representing the four great families of trout-flies. If a number of dippers could be started from the head of the watershed of any given area, tracing the brooks and streams from source to mouth, they would register a perfect chart of the water-ways of the whole district. For it is a characteristic that, however sinuously the stream may wind and double on itself, these the dipper closely follows, never skirting

the land to make short flights. Even if a person be fishing or boating in the stream itself, the bird only rises higher, but allows no obstacle to bar its course.

RUSTICUS.

(To be continued.)

THE BOWLING GREEN.



AT LEIGH COURT.

WE illustrate to-day a bowling green that might almost rival, in its historic interests, the famous and long-perished green on Plymouth Hoe from which Drake and his friends were summoned to sterner work than bowling in 1588. At Leigh Court we are carried back not so far, but still to those Stuart times in which our fathers dearly loved the peaceful game. We are learning now to play it again, and once more those pleasant stretches of turf which lie near our old

houses will witness the contests of skill they knew so well of yore. A level strip or a broader expanse of sward for bowling, with varied accidents, perhaps, adapted to the different features of the game, it might be of "advantage" in itself, or suited to the use of the biased bowl, was deemed an essential feature in the pleasure grounds of earlier times. Upon such greens was displayed the skill of young and old, for the game of bowls is a leisurely pleasure, demanding some strength, perhaps, of wrist and arm, but not calling for any agility. It is a game of dexterity in the use of eye and hand, and the chief skill is in using effectively the biased bowl—the bowl not equally balanced, which takes a curved course, and the direction of which is influenced by its individual bias and the velocity imparted to it by the bowler's hand.

But it is now time to turn to the bowling green of Leigh Court, which is at Abbots Leigh, in Somerset, the estate of Sir Henry Miles, Bart., a few miles from the city of Bristol. Here it was that King Charles II. saw the game of bowls played in strange circumstances. Readers of history will remember the dramatic details of the King's flight from the disastrous field of Worcester, which is told by Clarendon and many other writers. The ready ingenuity and courage of Mistress Lane, and the Royal fugitive in his steeple hat and hose well darned, the loyalty of the Penderells, and the watching in the oak at Boscobel, with many picturesque details of that eventful journey, fill a fascinating page in the romance of our history. It is to this strange story that the association of the bowling green at Leigh Court belongs. It will be remembered that Charles, when the day went against him, escaped to the welcome of well-wishers at White Ladies, and to the house of one Mr. Lane, when the project was formed of aiding his escape to France. Mr. Lane had a daughter "of a very good wit and discretion, and very fit to bear a part in such a trust," and also a kinswoman, one Mistress Norton, who lived within four or five miles of Bristol. Mistress Lane was of a stout heart, truly, but there



F. Bromhead,

LEIGH COURT.

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F. Bromhead,

A VIEW OF THE BOWLING GREEN.

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As some misgiving in the house of her father when the adventurous project was formed of a journey which she should make in order to visit Mistress Norton in those troublous times, and on a mission so perilous. She was to mount a pillion behind a trusted servant, no other than the disguised King, accompanied by a single attendant, and she entertained no doubt of her success. It was an eventful journey through Warwickshire and Worcestershire, a country infested with spies, but they reached Abbots Leigh without mischance. "They came to Mr. Norton's house," says Clarendon, "sooner than usual, and, it being on a holiday, they saw many people about a bowling green that was before the door; and the first man the King saw was a chaplain of his own, who was allied to the gentleman of the house, and was sitting upon the rails to see how the bowlers played."

But we must not follow Clarendon in this narrative. The bowling green he speaks of is that we illustrate. It is believed now to be exactly in the state in which the King saw it on that eventful day, though the old house that neighboured it has disappeared, except a fragment that is built into the modern dairy. It is a beautiful expanse



F. Bromhead.

PARADISE.

Copyright

of green turf, with terraces at the further end, from which we may believe that the chaplain watched the game, and there is a quaint old fish-pond below. The Stuart house was pulled down in the year 1808, when the estate passed from the Norton family to Mr. Philip John Miles (grandfather of the present Baronet), who built the existing imposing and spacious classic mansion from the designs of Hopper. The Nortons of Leigh Court are extinct, but there is a monument in Abbots Leigh church commemorating King Charles's escape, with figures of Sir George and Lady Norton.

It is a very lovely region, the estate being situated on high ground to the south of the Avon, which is its boundary, and the delightful pleasure grounds command most beautiful views, both of wood and water. The steep and sylvan glens descending to the river are particularly attractive and full of fine woodland scenery, and it is delightful to wander to that charming part of the grounds known as Paradise. Upon such a fine estate it is pleasing indeed to find an old bowling green, and a bowling green with memories so famous and interesting. It is a green that should be dear to all lovers of the game of bowls.

FARMS IN THE ISLE OF THANET.

THE two illustrations we here give of farmhouses in the Isle of Thanet are interesting examples of country architecture, such as are often found in the rural districts of Southern England. CHAMBERS WALL FARM is a perfect example of early brick and timber building—a strong framework of oak beams, the first row of horizontals projecting at least a foot, and thus allowing the eaves to hang well beyond the ground-line of the house. The advantage of this was twofold; firstly, it gave more room in the upper floor, and, secondly, the drip from the tiles, for there was no gutter, fell clear of the house, as with a thatched roof. The brickwork is only "4½-in. work," i.e., one brick thick; but though this would cause the house to be very cold, the small dark red bricks of those days (we can almost think we see the colour of them, even though it is only a picture) were so well burned that they withstood well both rain and frost. Probably they were made in local brick-kilns, and burned with a fire of wood and furze, which seems to have been more effective than coal. Certain it is that the old red bricks were better to look at and to last than those of our own time.

The windows, the single oak upright and little diamond panes, show the transition from the stone mullions of an earlier time to the window-frames of a later. The date of Chambers Wall Farm can hardly be later than 1600. It is of more primitive character than a farm of the same style of building, with which we are well acquainted, that dates from the Annus Mirabilis 1666.

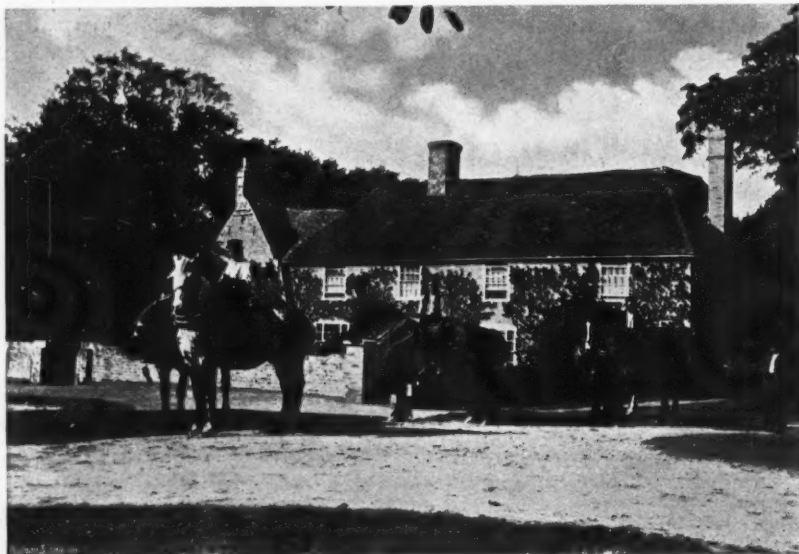
HALE FARM is a most picturesque and comfortable-looking

edition of those houses which the growing prosperity of the farming industry reared about 150 years ago. We are glad to see that the adversity of the last twenty years has not caused it to fall into ruin, or even to show any signs of dilapidation. The tiles are all in place, the walls pointed, and the horses, almost the best proof of how a farm is going, are fine and well-cared-for teams. The present occupiers have held it for more than a century, and though there are many families who can show a still longer tenancy, their number has very greatly decreased

since the beginning of those "bad times" which started with the repeal of the malt tax, and became chronic when railways opened up the corn lands of the Far West.

The horses are coming back from ploughing, probably getting land ready for turnips, as the photograph was taken in summer. They look better in their light plough harness than in the heavy "thill harness" they wear when carting, though probably the carters would not share this opinion. The serviceable market harness, with its bright brass mountings, is the carter's pride, and often he will buy out of his own small wages

a bell for each horse's crest, and a brass-mounted leading-rein for the near-side horse. These, and his own long curved whip, form the ornaments of his cottage in the place of honour over the fireplace. Two of the carters are sitting sideways, their constant but dangerous habit; the third, more wisely, is astride the grey's broad back. And very well many a farm lad learns to ride. We know of one who has recently been made rough-rider in a dragon regiment, yet it is not much more



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HALE FARM ST. NICHOLAS.

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than a year since he left the plough. N.B.—He ought not to have gone, for he was a "hired servant" from Michaelmas to Michaelmas, but the head-carter "grizzled at he, so um took and 'listed."

SHOOTING GOSSIP.

ON Tuesday last began the trap shooters' fortnight, with the opening of the Annual Championship Meeting of the Inanimate Bird-Shooting Association at the London Sporting Park at Cricklewood. That tournament of clay-bird shooters which has been proceeding daily during the present week ends to-day (Saturday) with the competition for the Championship Cup, now held by Mr. H. J. Cave, of the Middlesex Gun Club. Next week, again, sees the competitions for prizes in the International Tournament of live pigeon shooters at the Gun Club and Hurlingham. These two fixtures may be said to form the high-water mark of shooting during the close season. Hundreds of pounds in prizes are given to the best shots at animate and inanimate birds, some of these trophies being certain to be carried off by American, Australian, and continental gunners. The strange thing is that very little public interest is excited by either of these exhibitions of crack marksmanship. Nor do sportsmen generally evince any great curiosity to witness the contests, as evidenced in past years by the smallness of their attendance as spectators. True there are many other calls upon their time during the height of the London season, but an afternoon could surely be found in each week by keen gunners to put in an appearance at the tournaments, where they would find their reward in learning much about the gun that cannot always be picked up in the field.

Comparing the two branches of trap shooting, that seen at its best this week at the London Sporting Park and next week at the Gun Club and Hurlingham, it must be said that on the whole we think the tide of sporting approval and patronage is setting in more to the former than the latter, and deservedly so. For the fashionable game shooter cannot improve his form one iota by any amount of practice at live pigeons flying from traps, whereas by the mechanical developments of recent years in the even more artificial sport of inanimate bird shooting it has been brought much nearer to a close imitation of game driving practice, indulgence in its delights undoubtedly going some little way in training the novice to excel in stopping driven partridges and rocketing pheasants. To game shooters, who are, when all is said, the enormous majority of gun owners in this country, the weakness of live pigeon shooting is the difficulty of controlling the flight of a trapped blue rock pigeon when released. It almost invariably flies straight away from the gun, and that is a description of shot seldom required nowadays at a modern shooting-party. On the other hand, it has become possible to send the clay-bird time after time over the head of the shooter, from a high tower on which the traps are fixed, representing as nearly as may be the flight of a fast-flying pheasant clearing the tree tops, or, from a lower tower, the flight of a partridge skimming over the hedges, both towards the ambushed shooter. It is perhaps too much to say that as great judgment and dexterity are required in smashing time after time a driven clay-bird as in bringing down a driven live one, but the difference in the skill requisite for success in each of these feats is not much, and constant practice at the former assuredly gives confidence and ease at the latter. The shooter who can smash, say, twenty-five out of thirty driven clays, thrown from a tower, is likely to give a very good account of himself at a large grouse, partridge, or pheasant shoot. Herein, as we have said, so far as affording good practice for game shooting goes, lies the strength of the trapped clay-bird and the weakness of the trapped live pigeon. We were glad to observe then, in the programme of the annual tournament of clay-bird shooters at Cricklewood, that many more prizes were given for driven bird competitions than in previous years. To a competitor desirous of continually shooting while the tournament lasts, the process of selecting the best driven bird shots may seem slow, for only one gun at a time can compete; but to the spectator the shooting is much more interesting, and even exciting, than the ordinary team system right down the line. Another argument in favour of more driven bird shooting at such tournaments is, that game guns can be used in them to advantage, whereas full choke-bores are absolutely demanded for success in team shooting down the firing-line. In the latter case, all the birds thrown are away-going from the shooter, sent at such velocities that smashing them within 40 yds. of the muzzle of the gun is an impossibility, except to the lightning shot. Travelling in the same direction as the pellets themselves, too, away-going birds require much harder hitting to break than do the driven birds that travel towards the gunner, and therefore present treble the resistance to the pellets when they come in contact with them. Hence driven clay-birds are easily smashed when hit by pellets discharged by ordinary cylinder guns used by game shooters, whereas for good work at the usual traps and away-going "targets," a succession of breaks is only possible to a game shooter by his using a spare pair of fully-choked barrels made for his gun solely for clay-bird shooting. The avowed aim of the association being the popularising of the pastime among game shooters during the close season, we are glad to see that it is yearly devoting more of its prize-money to competitions beyond the mere alphabet of trap shooting, which we consider clay-bird shooting on the team system, as it is called, to be, depending as it does almost as much on the gun and ammunition used as on the man using them. True, our American cousins stick rigidly to team shooting, never varying their tournaments by competitions at driven birds. But though they have the excuse that driving is not known in American game shooting, what is the result? From the American sporting weeklies just to hand we observe that, finding a record made the other day by an American gunner of 211 breaks without a miss at the clay-bird traps, the cry is raised that the shooting is too easy, that the conditions under which clay "targets" are smashed in the States must be made more stringent, and variations introduced in the manner of the competitions that will make it impossible for many of the competitors to register full scores in every event, as they now do. Our association evidently foresaw last year what Americans are only now beginning to realise—that there is not much sport present when the clays can be smashed with monotonous regularity by a large number of competitors, and the result is to be found in the number of variations introduced into this week's programme at the London Sporting Park, which, by the way, under the experienced direction of such a practical shooting instructor as Mr. W. Watts, is admirably adapted for such tournaments. It is only fair to him to add that he is the one man in England who has elevated the



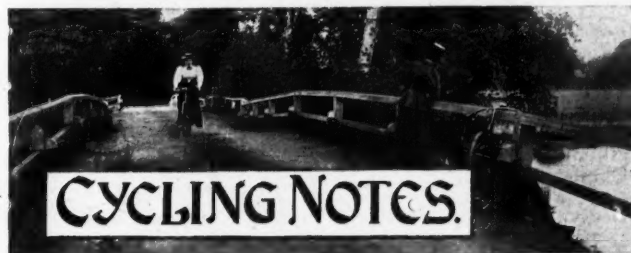
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CHAMBERS WALL FARM.

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teaching of shooting, uncombined with gun-making or any other business, to a recognised and lucrative profession.

Having said so much of the shooting of clays, there is little space left for the older sport of live pigeon shooting, which has its annual innings here next week. In its manner there is little advance since the days when Horatio Ross, Osbaldeston, Budd, Lord Kennedy, and others took delight in it at the Red House and Hornsey. Now, as then, the pigeons rise from traps, and present very much the same shots; but what an advance has been made since then in the weapons used against them! Horatio Ross lived to see many of the improvements made in sporting firearms from Joe Manton's time until the date of his death in the last decade, but during many of his closing years, though able to stalk the most wary stags, he had altogether given up pigeon shooting. To hear him tell of some of his famous matches, as we once did, while all his faculties were yet undimmed, was a treat to anyone with the least bit of sport in his blood. One has to think twice before coming to the conclusion that shooting skill has since then improved, with all the improvement in sporting firearms for which we have to thank the ingenuity and genius of our leading gun-makers. Take him all round, Horatio Ross was the finest shot of the century, and when one reads of his doings at the pigeon-traps over seventy years ago, one is forced to conclude that there is no better shooting at live pigeons now than there was then; that while all other forms of shooting, particularly of pheasants, partridges, and grouse, have advanced with the times, live pigeon shooting has stood still, as it was three-quarters of a century ago. Why should there never have been any attempt made to introduce shooting at driven pigeons, sent from a high tower, flying as they chose over the shooters? The birds would have more of a chance, they would when hit be cleaner killed, and, to descend to a lower plane, there would be more room than ever for betting. Live pigeon shooting wants stirring up before it can ever again obtain the suffrages of the whole world of sport with the gun, which now sees very little in it. Other times other manners, other modes. Live pigeons are to be shot in thousands next week, as our great grandfathers shot them, in manner as monotonous as old-fashioned. NEVIS.



CYCLING NOTES.

IN the *Nineteenth Century*, Dr. Arabella Kenealy has a further article under the heading of "Woman as an Athlete," affecting to be a rejoinder to the one by Mrs. Ormiston Chant which appeared in the June number. Miss Kenealy is unrepentant, and reiterates her contention that modern women are suffering from over-athleticism. She is in earnest, more so even than in the initial article, but is still very far from being convincing, as her pictures are palpably overdrawn, and she fails to produce a single fact in proof of her astonishing generalisation. I have known, and know, many lady cyclists of all ranks, but none of them bear any signs of the mental, moral, or physical deterioration which Miss Kenealy attributes to the class; in fact, one has more often cause of complaint against the average lady rider that she is lacking in thoroughness rather than that she is too enthusiastic a devotee of the pastime.

There are plenty of truisms in Miss Kenealy's paper, as, for instance, the statement that "the body is not so much, in its best conception, a mere motor appliance for the achievement of so many foot-tons of energy, or for covering so many miles of planet daily; it is rather in its complete conception a delicate, impressionable instrument for registering, storing, and transmuting a lifetime of impressions to an ever-advancing consciousness and human goal." No one would dispute this, and therefore it need not have been asserted; but why does Miss Kenealy argue that the modern woman is possessed of the belief that she is a mere motor appliance, and of how many women cyclists can it be said that their chief aim is the amassing of either muscle or mileage? Miss Kenealy is stronger than ever on the subject of maternity. "In every instance," she says, "the children of the less muscular and less robust women carry off the palm, some in beauty, some in intelligence, some in high mental or moral development. That the children of the more robust mothers are not all knock-kneed and puny I need scarcely say, but they are, in every instance, inferior—if not always physically, certainly in mental quality or in human charm—to those of the more womanly type." The phrase, "in every instance," will be terribly difficult to substantiate; but, even if it could be justified up to the hilt, the case against bicycling, or, for that matter, almost any other exercise, could by no means be established.

Women do not cycle for the sake of muscular development, but simply for the sake of health, and they are far more likely to obtain that object by legitimate cycling than in any other way. For some reason or other the world seems peopled to Miss Kenealy with Amazons, and it is strange that one sees them not on the highways and byways of the land.

When Lord Willoughby de Broke pulled a cyclist from his machine, breaking the latter and damaging the rider's clothes, a complacent county-court judge appraised the damages at sixpence, although the wheelman had had to pay a considerable sum out of pocket in respect of the repairs that were required. The same judge has proved equally enthusiastic in his championing of the cause of a carriage-owner against a cyclist. The latter, it seems, was riding through Stratford-on-Avon, and was turning from one street into another. He was on his proper side of the road, but in the second street was a carriage which was not. A collision ensued, by which the cyclist was thrown from his machine and rendered unconscious. His head was cut and his leg injured; he lost one tooth and loosened another, his clothes also being damaged and his bicycle broken. Owing to the accident he was unable to work for a fortnight. Common fairness, one would have thought, would have led the owner of the carriage to admit that his driver was at fault, but the cyclist had to enter an action at the Stratford-on-Avon County-court. Judge Ingham held, however, that there was no evidence of neglect, as the cyclist had no right to assume that people who were in the road he was crossing would not be starting from the right-hand side. The plaintiff therefore was non-suit'd with costs. If this style of judgment is to be repeated elsewhere, safe travelling for cyclists will be impossible. It may be convenient, and to some extent permissible, for a carriage or other vehicle to be on the wrong side of the road at times, but the onus clearly rests with the transgressing party, and not with the unfortunate wheelman or other person who comes round a corner carefully and on his proper side, and yet sustains serious injuries through a collision.

A knowledge of the value of bicycles does not appear to be a strong point of the members of the Harrow District Council. They were discussing an application at a recent meeting from their surveyor for the use of a bicycle, which he said would be of great assistance to him in the discharge of his duties; in fact, he had frequently to hire one at his own expense in order to cover the ground. It appeared from the discussion which followed that the sanitary inspector was provided with a horse at the council's expense, and that the cost of its keep was about £16 a year. Yet one of the members suggested that if a machine were purchased the surveyor should pay part of the initial cost; another suggested the acquisition of a cheap second-hand machine; a third gave vent to the brilliant suggestion that the inspector and the surveyor should use the same machine; and a fourth was pleased to wax facetious, and proposed that the surveyor should provide the cycle and the council find the oil. The problem was too weighty to be solved at a single sitting, and in the end the matter was deferred. Surely it requires but little discrimination to determine the utility of a bicycle to a surveyor, for by no other means could he so satisfactorily appreciate the condition of the roads. In counties like Hertfordshire, where no surveyors but cyclists are engaged, wonders have been worked in recent years in the way of road improvement, and the time must come when every surveyor who has to deal with highways will be equipped with a machine as a prime essential of his office.

THE PILGRIM.

The Late Major Hardinge.



THERE is something inexpressibly sad about the death of Major the Hon. Arthur Stewart Hardinge, from a fall from his horse, in the prime of life. Born in 1859, he passed through Sandhurst into the 2nd Royal Scots Fusiliers, and he had seen a great deal of service in the Zulu War, against Sekukuni, in the Boer Campaign, in Burmah, and in the Lagos Expedition of 1892. He was also an accomplished steeplechase rider. Our illustration is from a photograph by Wyrall and Son.



"H.M.S. Pinafore."

IT seems that the work of Mr. W. S. Gilbert and Sir Arthur Sullivan, in combination, has all the requisites of classicism, it never grows old. We all know the music of "Pinafore" off by heart, yet it was fresh and sparkling when we heard it again at the Savoy the other evening as when first we heard it more than twenty years ago. There is a lilt in it, a vivacity, an insistency of tune which never even approaches the vulgar or common-place, yet which sets the head a-nodding in rhythm to the air. As for Mr. Gilbert, "Pinafore," his work, like nearly all his work in this sphere, is so clear-cut, so clever, so slyly humorous, so formful and symmetrical, that it is a model of its kind likely to be emulated in manner for many years to come. Mr. Gilbert has never tried to touch the heart in his operas, save just now and then in only one of them, "The Yeoman of the Guard"; we are never asked to believe for an instant that any of his *dramatis personae* are more than the media for the expression of Mr. Gilbert's own personal wit and fancy—so that his triumph, his lasting triumph, is a success of craftsmanship more than all, which shows how extraordinarily clever his craftsmanship must be, for it is extremely rare that "comparative immortality" is achieved by anything which does not acutely affect the emotions.

We notice in Sir Arthur Sullivan's score the beginnings of those qualities which have given him a fame which is world-wide, a fame as cosmopolitan as that of Offenbach and Strauss. The never-ceasing melody of "Pinafore" has not been improved

upon, could not be improved upon, in his succeeding operas, but the agility and invention of orchestration advanced in them further and further, one by one, from the beginning made in "Trial by Jury," "The Sorcerer," and "Pinafore." In these there are humour and fancy in the instrumentation, and fulness and sonority too; it is only in the last two qualities in which we see so marked an improvement in "The Mikado," in "Ruddigore," in "The Yeoman of the Guard," and the others.

Mr. Gilbert's "Pinafore" libretto now lacks, of course, something in appositeness, but so little that the opera shows no signs whatever of being worn out. Mr. Gilbert is always slyly, never obviously, topical; consequently the mordant humour of such references as that to the First Lord of the Admiralty "who never went to sea" has not now the acute satire that it had at the time of its writing. But the mere fact that there is nothing belated or out-of-date in "Pinafore," shows how very little the work owes to such extrinsic appeals, and how genuine and innate are its attractions.

One is able to say without the slightest stretching of one's conscience that "Pinafore" has never been better played than it is now played at the Savoy. Famous people are missed, but others just as clever have replaced them. Mr. Walter Passmore's "Admiralty's High Lord" is splendidly funny; Mr. Passmore is not merely a grotesque, for he has unctious, observation, and is himself a humourist. Mr. Henry Lytton's Captain Corcoran is as good as could be; he has a fine voice of a peculiarly sweet quality, and he acts admirably. Miss Ruth Vincent,

as Josephine, sings very charmingly and artistically, and gives to the character all the fun which comes from an appearance of absolute seriousness, which it demands in common with all these creations of the author. Mr. Henry Evett, Ralph Rackstraw, is another member of the cast with a full appreciation of the Gilbertian spirit and a voice capable of doing justice to all that the composer has written, although now and then one fancied it was an effort for Mr. Evett to sing the music in the higher register. Miss Rosina Brandram remains to give us her delightful and never-to-be-forgotten Little Buttercup; Mr. Richard Temple returns to reassume the part of Dick Deadeye which he has made famous.

Once again it was demonstrated to us that in all London there is no chorus on the light lyrical stage so admirably trained and so musicianly as that of the Savoy, whose orchestra, too, has a precision and a delicacy very rare indeed.

"The Heather Field."

WERE it not that Mr. Edward Martyn's play, "The Heather Field," has caused much comment in literary and dramatic circles, owing to the injudicious and ridiculous ecstasies of Mr. George Moore, who saw in it a chance of paying off old scores, and attracting attention to himself by writing a preface, it would not be referred to here, for the production of the work at a *matinée* at Terry's Theatre does not come within the scope of the ordinary playgoer. As it is, the reference will be of the briefest. "The Heather Field" is full of a certain cleverness, of ideas, of a curious charm—as a book. As a play, it is quite out of its element; it is not drama, in any sense of the word, unless we admit that the mere assumption of dialogue form makes a stage play. This is an admission which very few would feel inclined to make.

The chief interest of its performance in London was the clever and artistic interpretation it received at the hands of a thoughtful and earnest young actor, Mr. Kingston, and of Mr. Ben Webster, Mr. Marsh Allen, Miss May Whitty, Master Sifton, and others.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

THE latest "American invasion" is that of "The Cowboy and the Lady," a play by an American author, interpreted by an American company, which was produced at the Duke of York's Theatre. The piece cannot attract here, and calls for only passing mention. Mr. Clyde Fitch, the author, has written a crude melodrama which he has attempted, with some success, to hide with a garnish of American wit and freshness of characterisation. In essence, the story is old and hackneyed, dealing with Don Juan villains, excessively modest and virtuous heroes, murders, wrongful accusations and the rest of it. But the scene is laid in the West of America, and there are many points of brightness and—to us in England—originality, in its telling. The cowboys and all the quaint things they do almost obscure the poverty of plot and antediluvianism of motive. Almost, but not quite.

As is usual with our visitors from the other side of the Atlantic, the acting is altogether admirable. There is so much cohesion in the representation, such spirit, such a perfection of *ensemble*, that once again one is compelled to remark that they do these things better in America. In plays of character they are immensely our superiors. It is only in the *haute école* of dramatic representation, in high comedy and classic comedy, that we are pre-eminent. We have no actress on the stage who could put quite so much into the part of the prairie wild flower, the sweet little ignorant girl of the plains, as Miss Gertrude Elliott puts into it. If we are lucky, some English manager will snatch up Miss Gertrude Elliott and keep her among us. Mr. Burr McIntosh, too, gives a wonderful little piece of acting as Joe, the cowboy, an embodiment full of quiet and effective pathos and humour. Miss Maxine Elliott, the heroine, is a strikingly handsome and attractive actress, with plenty of power and a pleasant method. Mr. Nat Goodwin is a comedian with a fine sense of fun and a whimsical manner, which are of infinite value to the piece. Miss Estelle Mortimer, Mr. Byron Douglas, and Mr. Thomas Oberle deserve especial mention in a cast of much more than the usual attractiveness. It is a great pity that "The Cowboy and the Lady" is such a poor play. But perhaps the manager, Mr. Frohman, will be able to find them another medium before they return to the United States.

Mr. Arthur Collins and Mr. Cecil Raleigh have found another fine scene for the next Drury Lane melodrama. It is to be nothing less than *Private View* day at the Royal Academy. Invitations will be sent to a whole host of artists whose pictures were rejected by the selection committee of the Academy, and the stage and the vestibules will be filled with the works of the rejected—the best of them, only, of course. In addition to this, some of the few big pictures of this year's Academy will be copied for use on the stage, and famous people of all ranks will be represented in the scene.

The news that Miss Ellaline Terriss means to desert the Gaiety, and throw in her lot with Mr. Charles Frohman's management of the Criterion Theatre, will not come as a very great surprise to many, for her husband, Mr. Seymour Hicks, is to be the hero there, and it is well known that Miss Terriss has long been anxious to obtain at least a rest from musical comedy; indeed, it was announced a little while ago that she had almost concluded arrangements to join Mr. Tree's company at Her Majesty's Theatre. Miss Terriss's loss will be felt severely at the Gaiety, although, of course, Mr. George Edwardes is so resourceful, and has command of such a host of talent, that he may be relied upon to choose for promotion some charming and clever young lady. The first production of Mr. Frohman at the Criterion will be an English version of the French farce, "Ma Bru."

Mrs. Langtry is busily making arrangements to become once more her own manageress, and when she has chosen definitely a theatre, among the plays to be produced is one by Mr. Robert Buchanan and "Mr. Charles Marlowe." This deals with the same subject as Dumas' novel, "La Collier de la Reine," but it is not in any way an adaptation of that work. The chief incident in the play is the episode of *Capitostro*, dealt with by Carlyle. It is also quite on the cards that Mr. Sydney Grundy will provide Mrs. Langtry with a play.

PICUS.



THE attention of metropolitan poloists was last week centred in the struggle for the championship of the Army, the issue of the Inter-Regimental Tournament at Hurlingham. Thanks to an innovation in the system of arranging the matches for this tournament, introduced by the new managers, Captain Egerton Green and Mr. St. Quentin, the premature disclosure of the ultimate winners, by the clashing of the two strongest teams in one of the early matches, is now avoided, and the interest in the result is fully maintained to the very end. This was well shown this year by the fact that although it was generally looked upon as a certainty that the final tie would be played out between the Inniskillings and the 13th Hussars, the 7th and 13th Hussars were the teams who opposed each other in the decisive match on Saturday last.

On the previous Monday the 10th Hussars (Mr. R. S. Chaplin, Mr. Dawnay, Lord William Bentinck, and Mr. G. B. Portman) beat the 15th Hussars (Messrs. Courage, Bald, Pilkington, and Captain Hambro) by 7 goals to 2, after a fast galloping game, in which the hard hitting of the 10th and the strong defence of their back were the main causes of their victory. The 13th Hussars (Messrs. T. Wigan, Church, F. Wise, and Captain MacLaren), whose fine combination and clever passing were as conspicuous as usual, never gave the 1st Life Guards (Messrs. Cookson and G. E. Ward, and Captains George Milner and Schreiber) a chance, and the manner in which their No. 1 nursed and hampered the Life Guards' back was a real treat to watch. The 7th Hussars have always been a good polo regiment, and their this year's team (Mr. Vaughan, Captain Beresford, Major Carew, and Major Poore), being quite up to their best standard, it was a foregone conclusion that they would defeat the



Photo.

INSPECTING SOME OF THE MOUNTS AT RANELAGH.

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12th Lancers (Mr. Hobson, and Captains Clifton Brown, Egerton Green, and Wormald), as they did by 9 goals to 4. The Lancers were a really good team, and few people expected to see the Hussars score such an easy victory, which was perhaps partly due to their ponies. The all-conquering Inniskillings (Messrs. Higgin, Ansell, Neil Haig, and Major Rimington), thanks to their hard hitting and superior combination, beat the Royal Horse Guards (Messrs. Majoribanks and R. Ward, and Captains Fitzgerald and Drage) by 9 goals to 2, in spite of the fast ponies (which included the high-priced Circe) played by the Household Regiment.

One of the most interesting matches of the whole series was that between the 10th and 13th Hussars on Wednesday of last week. This was expected to be a very close fight, and so it was, although neither side seemed to me to show quite its best form. The 10th had by no means the best of the luck, and eventually the 13th won a well-contested match by 4 goals to 0, thanks chiefly to the style in which their No. 1 cleared the way for their Nos. 2 and 3, who played beautifully into each other's hands, and the accurate hitting of Captain MacLaren.

On the Thursday, last year's winners, the Inniskilling Dragoons, and the 7th Hussars went to decide who should oppose the 13th Hussars in the final battle of the tournament. That this was going to be a very even fight was the opinion of everyone, and it came as a surprise to everyone to see the light horsemen jump off with the lead, hold their own throughout, and win by 3 goals to 1. The Hussars were the quickest to begin, and their back put up the first point on their number board during the first ten minutes. Captain Beresford followed suit, and the score stood 2 to 0 in favour of the Hussars at the end of half-time. The Dragoons now played up for all they were worth, and the game was of the most even description, their No. 1, whose accurate hitting combined with the beautiful defence of their No. 4 were the principal features of their play, soon afterwards scoring the first point for his side. Mr. Vaughan, however, responded with another goal for the Hussars, and so a great match ended with the victory of the 7th by 3 goals to 1.

On Saturday last there was the usual crowd round the Hurlingham polo ground to watch the final bout between the 7th and 13th Hussars. These are both traditional polo regiments, and we expected to and did see some really high-class polo. The Duke of Cambridge, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, and Lord and Lady Roberts were there to watch the result, together with a large number of other well-known people, and most of the best-known followers of the game. For the first half of the game the play was very even, the admirably-combined rushes of the 7th being beautifully stopped by the 13th defence; and after Captain Beresford and Mr. Church had each scored once for their respective sides, the score stood 1 all at the end of half-time. For the remainder of the game the 7th had slightly the best of it, and after pressing their opponents hotly and continuously without result, Major Poore, who had been playing in great form throughout, made a brilliant run from the centre of the ground and scored the winning goal of the match. This was a great game throughout, both sides playing really good polo, and perhaps it was the fast clever ponies of the winners which just turned the scale in their favour.

There was plenty of good polo to be seen at Ranelagh, Eden Park, Wimbledon, and the various other metropolitan polo grounds during the week, but I have not space to write about it here, so must content myself with this short description of the soldiers' festival at Hurlingham.

THE COBHAM STUD SALE.

WHAT a name to conjure with is that of Cobham in connection with the sale of bloodstock. What prices yearlings used to make there on the Ascot Saturdays in the old stud days; still, although we have never yet seen the same sensational bidding under the auspices of the new management, it is quite likely that just as many future winners have been sold there in the last few years as ever there were in the days of old. Certainly is this likely to be the case with this year's lot, which will be sold by Messrs. Tattersall on Monday next, the 19th, and which comprises some of the best youngsters that I have ever seen offered at Cobham since these sales have been revived. Mr. Allison has always been a staunch advocate of the merits of Australasian thorough-breds, and seeing the stout blood which runs in their veins, together with the soundness and hardness which are so characteristic of the breed, he is probably not far wrong; whilst the class and appearance of such horses as Newhaven II., Merman, Maluma, Aurum, and the two year old Longy, by Trenton, and bred in this country, are ample justification of his opinion. It is hardly to be wondered at, therefore, that four such high-class Walters as Trenton, Aurum, Patron, and Abercorn may now be seen at this stud, or that among the yearlings, which I went down to see, there are several by the first-named, already the sire, be it remembered, in this country of Longy, who, although a first foal and a very late one (May 23rd), has already shown himself to be a good staying two year old, and fully proved the value of the blood. Mr. Humby's yearlings, which, by the way, are a really good lot, include five by the New Zealander Mousquetaire, who is three-parts brother to Trenton, and own brother to Havoc, winner of the Australian Cup and other great races. As a yearling Mousquetaire fetched 2,000 guineas, but owing to an accident he was never trained, and in addition to Trenton and Havoc, Frailty, their dam, produced those very successful stud horses Niagara and Zalinski, as well as Cissy, the dam of Altair, the winner of this year's New Zealand Derby and St. Leger. Mousquetaire comes, therefore, of a rare running family, and as the mares Mr. Humby has mated with him have Fisherman blood in them, their produce can hardly fail to race.

But to get on to the yearlings themselves. The two from the Kiftsgate Stud, which I saw first, include a nice wiry, well-balanced brown filly, rather on the small size, by Cabin Boy from Palilia, by Herald, who is not unlikely to grow into something useful; and then I saw a thick punchy sort of filly by Dobbins out of Libonia, and a light-boned, leggy bay filly by Glenwood out of Pentecost. A fine filly, and a regular Merry Hampton to look at, is the bay by that horse out of Aroma, by Craig Millar, the same cross which produced Ladas; whilst a very sharp sort, but only a pony in size and very backward as yet, is the bay colt by Sorcerer out of Miniver, by Autocrat. Match-maker (son of Donovan) has a powerful, well-grown, big-boned, but rather common brown colt out of Laurinda, by Petrarch, and straining back to Feronia and Woodbine; and of the three Pioneers in this lot the bay colt out of Rhea Sylvia has the most size and bone, though I liked best the backward, badly-done black filly out of Sterling Merit, a very beautifully-bred yearling, and a nice clean, long, low sort, though small. The other, also a black filly, is out of Alton, by Althorp; but all these are so backward and have been sent up in such a rough state that it is hardly fair to judge of them as yet.

Mr. P. C. Patton is sending up three nice yearlings, two fillies and a colt by the Australian sire Carnage, lately sold to the Austrian Government for £10,000, of whom the colt, being out of Sainly (Longy's dam), is likely to make some money.

Among the young Trentons, the brown colt out of Lady Chatelaine is a well-balanced, active youngster, that stands well on the best of limbs, is particularly good over his back and loins, has nice quality, and will race; whilst the bay colt out of Allassio, who has been reared on the limestone soil at Cloghran, near Dublin, is a hard, clean yearling, with length and liberty. There is a good deal to like about the blood-like bay filly by Sorcerer out of Nemesis, also reared at Cloghran, and showing good bone; and then we came to three beautifully-bred youngsters of Mr. Taylor Sharpe's that will speak for themselves when they are led into the ring. Mr. Humby's I have already alluded to as a well-grown, good-looking lot, and their Musket and Fisherman blood makes them almost certain to race. Of Mr. R. H. Combe's lot of five, the best is a small but lengthy, short-legged, racing-like chestnut filly by Maxim out of Crucible, by Blair Athol, though some judges may prefer the big, upstanding, old-fashioned bay filly by Orvieto out of Caudle, by Muncester; and there is something taking about the active bay son of Sheen and Lecture, by Lecturer, who is very short on his top and with plenty of length underneath.

Among the five older horses, there is a very smart little two year old bay gelding by Trenton out of Princess Tooi, small, but a rare-shaped one; and the brood mares, of whom there are some seventeen or eighteen, include two American-bred ones which ought to sell, seeing how well the Americans are running in this country just now. The majority of them have been covered by the Australians Trenton or Patron, or that good English sire Baliol, and as they mostly come of good running blood they ought to sell well.



NEARLY a year ago it was foretold in these notes that Orme would be at the head of the list of winning sires in 1899. This prophecy has already been fulfilled, and the son of Ormonde and Angelica now heads the list with four winners of six races worth £11,151. The reasons for my belief in Orme's immediate success at the stud were the fact that he comes of a line which invariably makes its mark early in life—Doncaster, Bend Or, and Ormonde, to wit; that he was a really great, though unlucky, race-horse himself; and because, according to the figures, he was almost bound to be a great sire. Among other things Bruce Lowe's science teaches us that the first necessity for any horse's success at the stud is that some of the sire families, 3, 8, 11, 12, 14, must be on one side or other of his pedigree inside the third remove. Ormonde is undoubtedly deficient in that respect, for which reason he will always be best suited by mares with a strong inbreeding to sire figures, his own best sire blood, No. 3 especially. Angelica, own sister to St. Simon, is by Galopin 3 (his dam by Flying Dutchman 3) out of St. Angela, by King Tom 3, so that she was the best mate possible for him, and the result has been Orme, an ideally-bred sire, combining as he does the bloods of Birdcatcher, Sweetmeat, and Blacklock, and inbred as he is to the No. 3 family. It might have been thought a somewhat risky experiment to mate a daughter of Galopin with a horse bred like this, having in view the fiery temperament of that family; but it has been done, and the result is Flying Fox, who is a notable example of his dam, Vampire, returning to his sire, Orme, the best strains of his dam. It will be noticed how strongly inbred Flying Fox is to the No. 3 family; he has already proved himself a good race-horse, and he will some day make a great sire. At any rate, he is a remarkable example of the value of Bruce Lowe's figures.

And writing of Galopin reminds me of the recent death of that extraordinary horse, who was foaled as long ago as 1872, and who, if not "the horse of the century," was very near being so. As a race-horse he possessed tremendous speed, and could stay as well, whilst no horse ever won the Derby with greater ease than he did. As a sire he has founded a family, whilst his extraordinary vitality was shown by his being head of the list of winning sires when he was twenty-six years old. Galopin's sire Vedette, who combined a double cross of Blacklock with a strain of Sir Hercules, through Birdcatcher, was strongly inbred to the No. 2 family (a non-sire family), and it was, therefore, evident that he would require a profusion of sire blood in his mater. Now Galopin's dam, Flying Duchess, had no less than five representatives of the great sire families in the first four removes, an influence which was intensified by the fact that she not only came direct from the No. 3 family herself, but was also sired by Flying Dutchman, of the same family. It is also worthy of notice that Vedette had been a rank failure as a sire until he was mated with this mare—the reason of which is explained by the figures—and there is little doubt the late Mathew Dawson was right in his opinion that the extraordinary electric force and vital energy of Galopin, his son St. Simon, and most of the descendants of these two wonderful horses is chiefly due to the influence of Flying Duchess, who, as has just been shown, is very strongly inbred to the No. 3 family. Galopin was foaled in 1872 at Mr. Simpson's stud at Diss, and as a yearling was sold at Mr. Blenkiron's Middle Park sale for 520 guineas, his purchaser being Prince Batthyany. His easy Derby victory, his defeat of Lowlander in their celebrated match over the Rowley Mile, his farewell victory in the Newmarket Derby, in which he defeated the St. Leger winner Craig Millar, and his numerous other remarkable performances on the turf will be within the memory of most of my readers. At the stud he made an even greater success. St. Simon, Disraeli, Galliard, Galeotta, and rare old Corrie Roy were a few of his best children, and altogether his stock have won some quarter of a million sovereigns in stakes, whilst he has three times headed the list of successful stallions.

If our English steeplechasers are of inferior class to those of France, hurdle-racers trained in that country are still further in front of ours. This is very easy to understand, seeing that there are bigger prizes to run for in that country than in this, and that better-class horses are consequently put to the game. It is very seldom that the Grande Course de Haies d'Auteuil has been won by a British "hurdler," and the thing that first opened my eyes to what a wonder Seaman must be was seeing him take that race with the same ease that he had previously won with over fences at Liverpool and Punchestown.

On Wednesday in last week, three of the eight runners for the Auteuil

hurdle-race hailed from these shores. These were Spook, Mrs. Heigho, and Inquisitor, of whom the first is a fine big powerful horse, and of good class too, though he never looked to me like staying three miles and a furlong, and the other two are mere commoners, quite out of place in this sort of company. They none of them ever looked dangerous, except perhaps Spook, who momentarily flattered his backers when he dashed to the front six furlongs from home, but he utterly failed to maintain the effort, and could only finish fourth. It will always take something better than any of these to win this race.

Last week was a very quiet one in the racing world, and the meetings at Lingfield, Brighton, and Lewes were hardly of sufficient importance to need much notice here, pleasant and well managed as the gatherings at the first and last of these three places always are. The two principal events of the Surrey fixture—Lingfield is *not* in Sussex, as I have seen it stated in more than one contemporary—were the Lingfield Spring Two Year Old Plate on Tuesday, and the Imperial Stakes on Wednesday, and both were won by Huggins's all-conquering stable, a fact which was, I hope, some slight compensation to Lord William Beresford for his cruelly bad luck with Sibola at Epsom. For the first of these two events the bearer of the light blue jacket was Lutetia, who was practically left at the post when she was beaten for the Acorn Stakes at Epsom, and who naturally started favourite at 7 to 4 on. She got off all right on this occasion, and going to the front two furlongs from home, won cleverly by a neck from Our Grace, who ran a good filly, considering that she was slightly amiss. It was a sad disappointment to see a race with such a high-sounding title as the Imperial Stakes, and endowed with 1,200 sovs., dwindle down to a one-horse affair; Lord William Beresford's Caiman was opposed by Royal Whistle and Queen Fairy, it is true, but neither of them had the smallest chance of beating him, and the odds of 20 to 1 laid on last year's Middle Park Plate winner might with equal

safety have been 200 to 1. Needless to say that he led from start to finish, and won with the most consummate ease by a couple of lengths.

As everyone knows, these two winners, Lutetia and Caiman, were both bred in the States, and their pedigrees are the only two of the week that need be alluded to here. The former, who is a really nice filly, is by Pontiac—Luella B. Pontiac, being by Pero Gomez out of Agenoria, by Adventurer from Milliner, by Rataphan out of Manganese, by Birdcatcher, is inbred on his dam's side to Birdcatcher, whilst he gets two crosses of Touchstone through Beadsman's dam Mendicant, and Newminster, sire of Adventurer, to nick with it. Luella B. is by Onondaga, son of Leamington, by Faugh-a-Ballagh, son of Sir Hercules, out of Kelp, by Strachino, son of Parmesan, by Sweetmeat. The leading features of this filly's pedigree, therefore, are her descent in tail male from Weatherbit and her inbreeding to Sir Hercules crossed with Sweetmeat, whilst she also strains back to those good mares, Miss Letty, Beeswing, Pocahontas, and Queen Mary. Caiman is even more full of Sir Hercules blood, most of which comes to him through its best channel, Birdcatcher, to nick with which he also inherits the invaluable Sweetmeat strain through that great horse Cremorne, by Parmesan. In tail male Caiman goes directly back to Sir Hercules, his sire, Locohatchee, being by Onondaga—Lutetia's maternal grandsire—son of Leamington, whilst his dam, Happy Day, is by Coeruleus, son of Beadsman. Caiman is therefore bred very much on the same lines as Lutetia, except that his pedigree represents Sir Hercules or Weatherbit instead of the other way about, whilst he gets no fewer than three strains of Birdcatcher through Stockwell, and one through that horse's own brother, Rataplan. He also goes back to King Tom through his paternal grandam, and it is worth noticing that he has no less than five strains of Pocahontas. What a jumper this horse would have made if he had not been very nearly a Derby horse!

OUTPOST.

FROM THE PAVILION.

THE first appearance of the Australians at Lord's, on a perfect day and on a perfect wicket, caused quite a little flutter of excitement, so that members mustered in great numbers, and the general public was well represented. The Australians won handsomely, as all the world now knows, and there is no intention of discounting this result in saying that the M.C.C. team was not much stronger than an ordinary county side; but with twelve of the best counties engaged, greater strength was impossible. The Australian fielding, especially the ground-fielding, was superb; no meaner epithet would describe it. Their batting was very sound, but not attractive to the eye. There was too much "glancing" and "cutting," and too little "driving," save when Darling and Worrell knocked off the runs required in the second innings. Nor did the bowlers, save that of Jones, seem very deadly; but Jones was excellent, and will, on fast wickets at least, prove the mainstay of the side. Yet the Cambridge lads, in utter despite of him, ran up over 400 runs! Of this more hereafter. Charles Townsend was the pick of the English batsmen. He scored 37 before his partner ran him out, and 78 before Jones hit him in the ribs with a fast ball that fell on to his wicket. Yet the idea that "C. T." should be chosen to represent England was scouted in the sporting papers—and elsewhere. Jones, it may here be noted, has an undesirable knack of hitting people first and bowling them afterwards.

The popular "Ranji" played a lovely innings of 120 against Middlesex. He made fair and honest strokes of every description—in the air and along the ground, to leg, to the on, to the off, before the wicket, and behind the wicket. He gave no fair chance, but with his score at 100 came in for a "sweater," as he felt cold! He must get rid of that famous silk shirt when Kingsley's belauded north-easter is on hand.

To follow on and win the match is not a common event, but Sussex did that deed against Ken, which county had a bad time under that red-hot sun. The follow-on rule is simply a relic of barbarism, but the M.C.C. committee won't see it. Sussex certainly played up well, and Bland actually took all ten wickets in one innings, thanks partly to Buti's good wicket-keeping. May the committee remember them both generously on "treasure-day"! The fall of Yorkshire before the lance of Essex came as a surprise to those who had forgotten that history repeats itself.



W. A. Rouch.

THE LUNCHEON INTERVAL AT TONBRIDGE.

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Did the absence of "W. G." weigh with the Gloucestershire bowlers? No one can say; but anyhow, A. O. Jones and Shrewsbury scored 410, a second-best on record, before wicket No. 1 fell, and then the board showed "Last player ("A. O. J."), "250."

There was some wonderful hitting during the week, but the biggest feat goes to the credit of the two Australian sloggers, Howell and Jones, who actually smashed the Cambridge bowlers to the extent of 71 runs in 17 min. ! Wilson was the chief sufferer, and such hitting is rarely or never seen. Ford was equally brilliant towards the end of his 160, made against Sussex, and when he got out, Albert Trott picked up the tune, and bombarded the pavilion and the ring generally with immense drives. Surrey and Middlesex are still at the top of the ladder with an untarnished record; hence the fight when the two counties meet will be specially interesting.

Centuries were wonderfully in evidence last week, Fry being about the only man who can't get quite as far; he lasted up to 94 against Middlesex; then in fear and trembling, as an interval was at hand, he lashed out and was caught. Sussex on a perfect wicket made 148 before anyone was out, and then fell for 212. Cricket is a funny game.

W. J. FORD.

RICHMOND ROYAL HORSE SHOW.

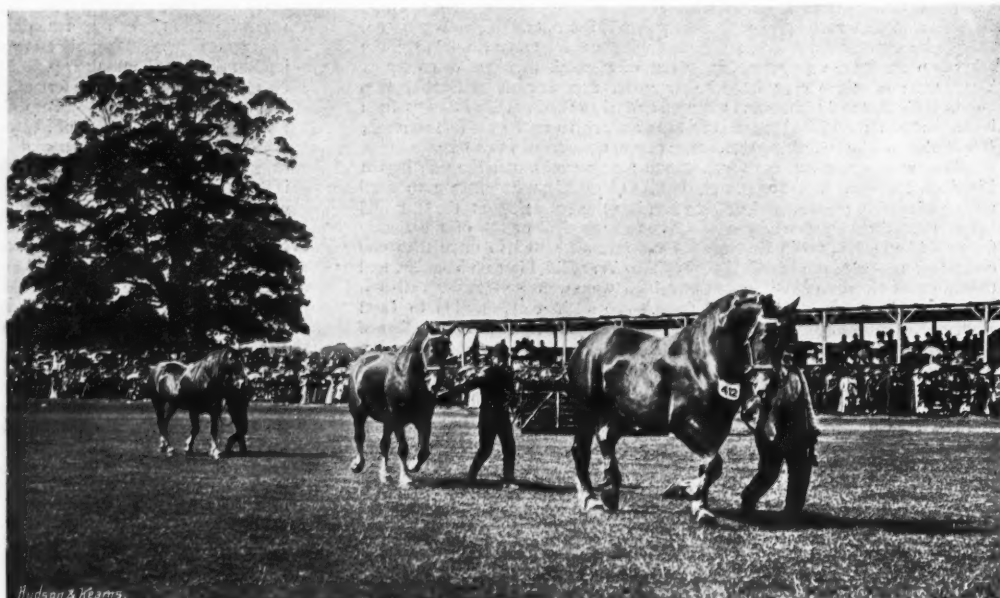
THERE is no question that in the course of eight years, which after all is but a short time in the history of an institution, the Royal Horse Show at Richmond has become of first-rate importance. Nor are the reasons for this success far to seek. No more suitable venue than the Old Deer Park at Richmond, none more picturesque, and none more easily accessible from the better part of London, could be found. But that is not the whole secret. The true explanation is to be summed up in the word "management." The committee meet constantly, particular members of it are assigned to special departments, every slight hitch of one year is marked, and its cause is removed by the next year; hence

comes it that a minor accident never causes more delay than is absolutely unavoidable. Everything is ready for every emergency, and that spells good management, and that spells success.

The Old Deer Park certainly never looked prettier than it did on Friday when the Duke of Cambridge visited the show, or on Saturday afternoon when a series of really brilliant competitions delighted the thousands of spectators. The onlookers, too, presented a very gay and exhilarating spectacle. A ring of them, many yards deep, with coaches and carriages in great number, surrounded the capital course. Every seat in the stands was occupied and, in the brilliant sun, the thousand

shades of colour, soft and bright, of the dresses of innumerable ladies formed a very pretty picture.

No effort will be made to give a complete report of the proceedings, for the result of any such attempt would necessarily be bald and uninteresting except to the personal friends of the exhibitors. The questions whether the general average of quality was good, and whether there was any marked tendency on the part of the judges calling for comment, are really of infinitely greater importance and interest. The first question may be disposed of very shortly. Not only was the general average of quality high, but the principal prize-winners, small and great, were quite excellent. Better hunters than Gendarme, who enabled Mr. T. Johns, of the Chaldean Stud Farm, near Cardiff, to carry off the £115 challenge cup, or the Delay of Mr. Stokes, or Sir Humphrey de Trafford's Roscommon, the heart of man could not desire. The Suffolks were an excellent class,



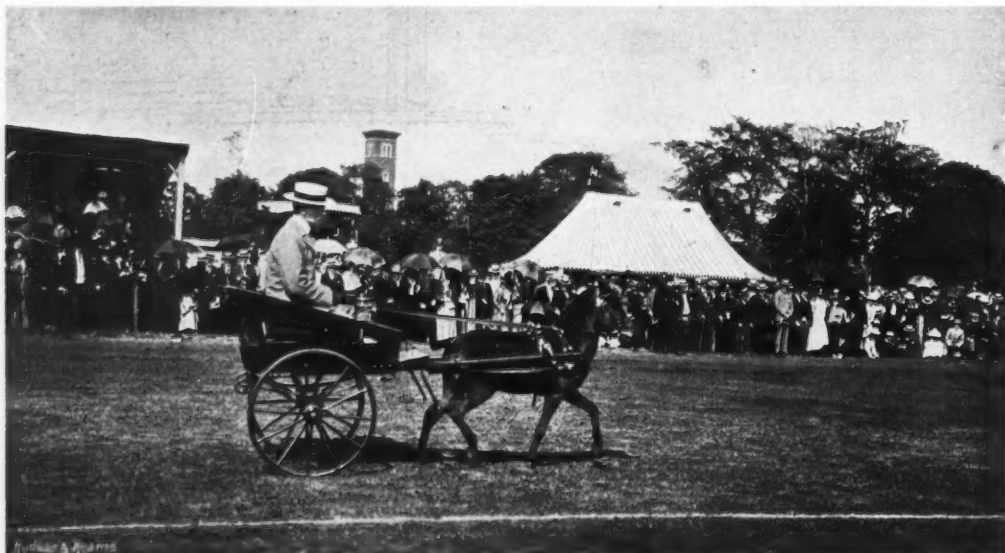
W. A. Rouch.

PARADE OF HEAVY SUFFOLKS.

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shall be said against men who are called upon to perform a difficult and, too often, a thankless duty. Still, there is no denying that the award which placed Amazement in front of Marvel was received not only with astonishment but also with marks of disapproval. These demonstrations were, of course, in bad taste when they were positive. But it was impossible not to perceive them or to ignore the gloomy silence with which the winner was received, or the storm of applause which greeted Marvel. And it was really rather a striking case. Against Marvel's physical form it would be difficult to say anything. His action was splendidly free and fast, and he got over the ground at a great pace, which is something if not everything. Amazement's action, on the other hand, was more picturesque than effective, and in the opinion of many experts he did not progress half fast enough. His movements were too slow to be satisfactory in a winner.

Very pretty and fascinating was some exhibition pacing and trotting, of which a display was given by a pair of wondrous



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THE SMALLEST PRIZE-WINNER AT THE SHOW.

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with the characteristic qualities of the breed well marked, the Shetlands were very popular, and the jumping was spirited and lively.

Very marked was the interest shown by the public in the harness classes, and it is in connection with these that the Richmond Horse Show really calls for comment. At Wembley there had been complaints that, after the services of an umpire had been called in, Flashlight took the prize. For Flashlight, it was said with some justice, was not English in make or action, although a wonder in the way of pace. At Richmond the issue for the challenge cup lay between Mr. Ernest Mosley's roan Amazement and Mr. Murray's Marvel, which has enjoyed, so far, a very considerable measure of success. Time after time were these horses driven round the ring in the endeavour to arrive at a decision between them. Beyond a doubt, too, the judges did their best to arrive at a right judgment, and in these columns certainly nothing

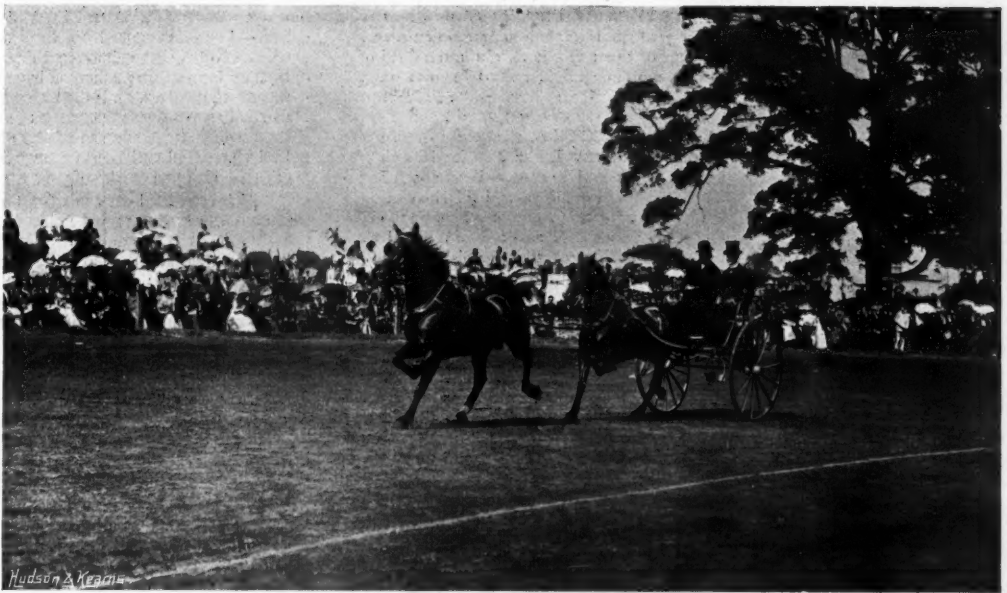


W. A. Rouch.

GENDARME.

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speedy chestnuts, owned by Mr. Walter Winans. To many spectators who had not seen trotting before, the pace accomplished was little short of a revelation. We shall expect to see American trotting grow more and more popular in England, although it will never be an inexpensive amusement. "The worst of it is," as a great lover of horse-flesh said in the hearing of the writer, "that you have to buy the man who drives as well as the horses which are driven." For the driving of trotting horses is a fine art, and both driver and horses command a great price. A splendid horse of this class is Lord William Beresford's Piloteer, imported from America, which won Mr. Max Waechter's 100-guinea challenge cup for pace and action. In the pairs under 15h. Mr. Murray's Marvel, with Lady Margaret, scored an easy victory, and these two browns will take a lot of beating anywhere. Four-in-hands were disappointing. Of five teams entered two only put in an appearance, and this in the height of the London season, and of the coaching season also. This was decidedly jejune. The two teams shown, dark chestnuts by Mr. Hogg, who won, and bays by Mr. W. J. Smith, were both of a high order of merit. The chestnuts, perhaps, owed something to the masterly driving of Mr. Adrian Hope, but they were certainly the more powerful team and the better matched of the two. After the decision was reached there was a great deal of horn-blowing for a prize, but this deponent knoweth not whether the prize was awarded or not. Certain it is that, in the circumstances, he would have awarded no prize, for you may hear the horn far better blown in Piccadilly on any of these summer afternoons when the coaches are on their homeward way. Our illustrations give a good idea of some of the principal animals, and the Shetland pony in particular is charming.



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LORD BATH AND THE DUKE OF YORK.

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CATCHING GANNETS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I see in a pleasant article by Mr. Aflalo in *COUNTRY LIFE* of May 13th, that he mentions in a casual way the catching of gannets by fastening a herring on a board and letting the arrangement out to be towed behind a boat. The theory, of course, is that the gannet will dash down, after its manner, on the herring and break its neck on the board. Now I would ask Mr. Aflalo whether he has seen this? My reason for asking is not a cavilling one (it is very likely that Mr. Aflalo may have repeated, without great thought, a story that runs very current about the gannet), but it so happens that I have asked many yachtsmen and coasting skippers whether they have ever seen any gannets caught in this way, and have never yet happened to meet any who have. I am far from saying that gannets are not caught thus; indeed, I am very ready and willing to believe that they are, and if Mr. Aflalo can testify that he has seen it, or met a trustworthy man who can testify that he has seen it, there is, of course, no more to say—it is a fact. I am anxious to have my own belief in the story supported by some direct evidence, and hitherto have never been fortunate enough to find that support. Two skippers have told me that they have often fished in this way when gannets were about, but have never caught one; but of course this is eminently a case in which an ounce of positive evidence is worth a ton of negative.—H. G. H.

[Mr. Aflalo is abroad, and this letter may not meet his eye for some little time. But other correspondents may be disposed to give the information desired if they possess it.—ED.]

"FLAGRANTE DELICTO."

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose the photograph of a rat which I caught in a trap after it had successfully stolen a number of the duck's eggs and made the duck desert. Just in front of the rat are three eggs which it had stolen, and while going back, presumably to get the fourth, he was caught in the trap. I wonder if you, or any of your readers, can inform me what an egg I found about a week ago is; it is about the size of a long-tailed tit's egg. The nest outside was just like a chaffinch's, but inside it was one thick mass of moss, with a very thick lining of feathers. It was not domed over, and it was placed on the top of a larch branch, about halfway along it, in a small kind of bunch of box about 6ft. from the ground. The bird was rather smaller than a wren, and about the same shape, only its tail was not cocked up. It was a dull brown on its tail, back, and head, and a kind of grey on its neck, breast, and stomach. I have never before seen any nest like it.—C. H. T. WHITEHEAD.

[We hesitate to pronounce any kind of opinion on this puzzle without a description of the egg, and even experts vary so much in their descriptions that the problem would still be difficult.—ED.]



YOUNG THRUSHES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I hope the enclosed photograph of a nest of young thrushes will be interesting to you. It was taken at Westwood, Willesden Lane, after some difficulty, it being built high up in a holly tree. The young birds were fully fledged, and left the nest soon after the photograph was taken.—DUDLEY OWEN.



[We are much obliged to Dudley Owen for his photograph and for his letter. He appears to have a nice taste for natural history and photography, and we will surely find that the two go very well together.—ED.]

A CURIOUS INCIDENT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I send you an incident of cycling which I think is of rare occurrence. Last week my daughter, riding along one of the roads here, ran into a flock of sparrows busily engaged having their morning meal, and rode over one, decapitating it.—EYE-WITNESS, Bristol.

"ARCADES AMBO."

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]



SIR,—I am sending you by post to-day a photograph of mine and Mr. Tringham's pet dogs, Noonie and Bau-Bee, which you may think worth inserting in COUNTRY LIFE. The position they are taken in is perfectly natural, as they sit up together like that, for any time, when they want anything. They are sisters, and devoted to each other, and they are my constant companions, and can do almost anything except speak. I have the permission of Messrs. Lambert and Weston for the reproduction of this photograph.—FLORANCE TOWSEY.

WOMEN GARDENERS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In your "Country Notes" of June 3rd you refer to women gardeners. May I give you a case in point? Some five years ago my gardener took ill, and his wife, who used to assist him in the garden, carried on the work, much to my satisfaction, for six months before he died. I was so pleased with her management that I kept her on, giving her a labourer to dig and do the heavy work, and a woman to assist in weeding. This woman gardener has been at the work for over five years, and as a budger and pruner of roses, and grower of flowers and vegetables generally, she is excelled by few males in the kingdom.—MIDLOTHIAN.

HEATING A GREENHOUSE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I shall be much obliged if you will kindly advise me as to the most economical way of heating a lean-to greenhouse of the following dimensions: Length, 33ft.; width, 11ft.; height of back wall, 11ft.; height of front, 7ft. There is a chimney in the centre of the back wall, where there is, at present, a small and very inefficient stove. I do not want a hothouse; but I require sufficient heat to keep the house at a temperature of not less than 60deg. on the longest and coldest winter night, without the stove being attended to during the night. Is this possible on such a small scale? If so, what would be the best pattern of stove, its price, and the cost of consumption of fuel for twenty-four hours?—A. K.

[Although you say you do not want your lean-to greenhouse heated as for a hothouse, yet you want full hothouse power to enable 60deg. of heat to be kept up during the longest and coldest winter night. That is as much as can be accomplished frequently in the best heated house in the kingdom. In a lean-to house 11ft. high behind and 7ft. high in front a rather lofty house is given, although it is but 11ft. wide. The height is really 2ft. more than is needful in so narrow a house. In any case you need two 4in. pipes running along both back and front and the end farthest from the door, to enable a good warmth to be maintained. Then you need also a fair driving boiler, for all the piping in the world is of little value unless you have a good boiler to create heat. A saddle boiler fixed beneath your chimney would be best, because it can be set more shallow than upright boilers. These, especially the ones described as "slow combustion" or "economical," do very well to maintain a moderate greenhouse warmth, just keeping out frost, but by no means providing a high temperature. As for cost of fuel, much would depend on what was consumed. For ordinary weather well-broken coke might cost you a shilling per twenty-four hours, but in very severe weather anthracite coal should be mixed with the coke in the proportion of one half, and that is more expensive. You will doubtless find it needful to consult some local hot-water fitter with respect to arrangement.—ED.]

WIRE RAILINGS FOR TELEPHONE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am informed that it is not unusual for settlers in some parts of Australia to make use of their barbed wire fencing as conductors of telephonic messages to and from different parts of their properties, or even from their properties to the nearest town. It has struck me that if this is done in the Antipodes we might do the same with economy over here, and I should be very much obliged if any of your readers would tell me whether barbed wire will do for the purpose, and how one sets to work, in an ordinary fence, to insulate one particular wire, so that the message does not get diffused and sent to pieces.—A. G. W.

PRESERVATION OF EGGS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am sending you a couple of fowls' eggs, just in case you care to take the trouble of looking at them in order to see what preservation will do. I only hope they may prove as good as the last 300, of which these are the absolute tail end. They were laid last May twelvemonth, and were placed in lime and water in the same month, and the batch has lasted us for cooking purposes ever since they were needed in the autumn. I trust you may find them still in excellent condition, and am only sorry that I have no more to send you to examine.—ERNEST GEORGE ROSE.

[The egg was wonderfully fresh.—ED.]

SALMON-MARKING EXPERIMENTS

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I was interested to read the reference in your "Country Notes" to the Norwegian salmon-marking experiments, the results of which have recently been made public. I have not the means at hand of getting at the reports themselves, and shall therefore appreciate it if you can give me the details to show the difference in the weights of the marked salmon between their release after marking and their recapture. It is a peculiar thing that there should be such marked variations between the growth of some of the fish and that of others. Can you or any of your readers offer an explanation?—J. E. VINES.

[We are afraid we can offer no very satisfactory explanation, but possibly some of our readers may be able to oblige our correspondent. The following table shows the rate of growth of the fish that were recaptured after a fair period had elapsed. For the most part the remainder were taken after only a very short interval, so that for experimental purposes their recapture was worthless. In the following figures, in the case of those which were spent when marked and were not in that condition when recaptured, about one-fourth of the real weight has been added to the female fish, and one-ninth to that of the males.

RECAPTURED IN THE SEA.

No.	Weight when Released, kg.	Weight when Retaken, kg.	Growth per Cent.	No. of Months between Release and Recapture.
Males.				
278	24	91	279.6	18.7
Females.				
293	40	89	122.5	18.9
392	49	99	102.0	19.1
774	52	90	73.1	21.2
672	55	80	45.5	7.6
862	60	78	30.0	7.3
935	87	102	17.2	20.0
679	94	107	13.7	8.4
931	125	125	0	20.0

RETAKEN IN RIVERS.

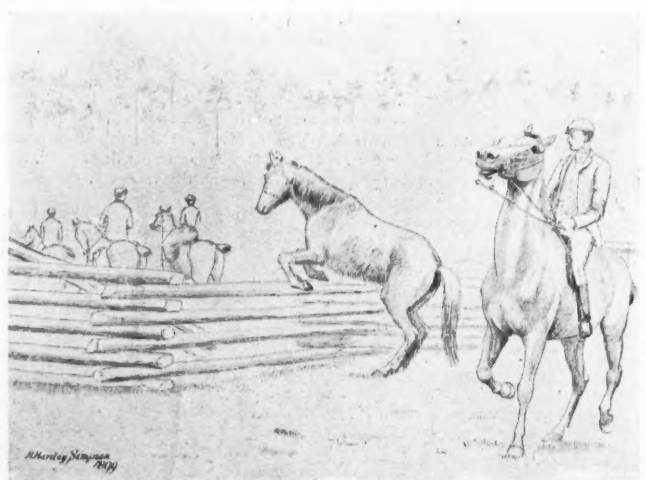
No.	Weight when Released, kg.	Weight when Retaken, kg.	Growth per Cent.	No. of Months between Release and Recapture.
Males.				
1,341	26	45	73.1	11.9
Females.				
484	41	70	70.7	22.0
744	46	78	69.5	21.8
701	48	73	52.1	22.4
340	48	93	93.7	22.6
1,524	53	60	13.2	9.8
1,485	54	73	35.2	10.2
667	54	100	85.2	19.3
767	57	110	93.0	9.8
666	61	92	50.8	19.7
852	61	95	55.7	21.8
371	62	130	109.7	18.5
1,483	64	73	14.1	10.6
733	68	95	39.7	22.4
747	70	90	28.6	21.9
316	70	120	71.4	19.6
850	71	95	33.8	21.8

One fish, which weighed 110kg. when released, and was recaptured after a period of ten months, showed a decrease, and weighed only 102kg.—ED.]

A PRECOCIOUS COLT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Some months ago you published a letter and some sketches of mine descriptive of the performance of a horse which jumped out of his loose box and back again, and the editorial note thereto seemed to me to indicate a spice of incredulity. I now send you a sketch of another remarkable incident which was witnessed by more than twenty people, myself among the number. The colt therein depicted was ten months old, and had spent most of his life running out with his dam and her stable companion. The latter was ridden the other day in one of the Victoria Hunt Club's paper-chases, paper-chasing being the best substitute for hunting that we can aspire to in this rough and stiffly-fenced bush



country. The colt, his dam being away, followed the other mare to the meet—about a mile from his home—not altogether to the satisfaction of the rider, who was chaffed about his second horse. Not being content with this, he started off with the crowd and went through the whole of the run, which covered a distance of eight or nine miles, and was pretty fast. He thrust himself in amongst the horses, and would by no means be content with a place at the tail end, but in several places where the trail was laid along narrow wood roads, with trees across them to be jumped at intervals, he took the lead. Most of the fences were snake fences, and there were a few ditches, and though the chase passed the colt's home, he showed no inclination to pull up there, but went on and jumped everything, the admiration excited by his proceedings being not unmixed with irritation in the breasts of those who had to wait their turn for him.—H. HARDEY SIMPSON, Colwood, B.C.